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CHRONICLE.

The Queen's Birthday. **T**HE *Gazette* of yesterday week did not contain any intimation of the rumoured promotion of Lord TWEEDMOUTH; but the list of birthday honours was long and in some respects interesting. Sir DONALD STEWART and Lord WOLSELEY became Field-Marshal; Sir ARTHUR HAYTER and Mr. JACOB BRIGHT Privy Councillors, and divers persons baronets, including Mr. S. MONTAGU, chief of all such as handle the metal called gold. Of the various knighthoods not connected with the services, those accorded to Mr. FRANKS, Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN, and Mr. WEMYSS REID are perhaps the most notable.

The birthday itself was duly celebrated in London by trooping the colour, Ministerial dinners, a reception at the Foreign Office, and a general illumination. The usual and very undignified wrangle as to the proportion of honours bestowed on the army and navy was duly raised by unwise persons; while a (possible) satirist thereof raised a cry on the infamous omission of women.

In Parliament. A good many questions of importance were asked yesterday week in the House of Commons, one, in reference to the London cab system, being so unsatisfactorily answered by the HOME SECRETARY that the asker, Mr. LOUGH, though a Gladstonian, subsequently moved the reduction of Mr. ASQUITH'S salary, and obtained, after some wrangling, the promise of a small and early departmental Committee. The question of Siam was also brought up in Supply, as well as that of Newfoundland; two names which, of themselves, ought to be enough to check any French grumbling about Africa. Finally, Sir WILLIAM HAROURT closed the Vote on Account through.

The evening sitting was chiefly given up to a debate on Mr. ROWLANDS's resolution for throwing the expenses of Parliamentary elections on public funds—namely, on the rates. Somebody should write a version of the famous speech in *Henry V.*, beginning "Upon the rates" instead of "Upon the King." The discussion was hardly a party one, and the resolution was carried by a large majority; so that the long-suffering middle- and upper-class rate- and taxpayers, upon whom the expense, though not the honour or profit, of "running" England is now cast, may soon have to provide the working-man with free members of Parliament as well as free libraries, free inspectors,

free schools, free breakfast- and dinner-tables, and so forth.

Lords. The House of Lords met after its Whitsun-tide holiday on Monday to see Lord RUSSELL of Killowen take his seat, and to speed on some Bills.

Commons. In the Lower House a Thames Conservancy Bill produced considerable discussion, which was followed by a motion for the adjournment of the debate in reference to the Waltham Abbey explosions. Ministers, of course, tried to represent this as "obstruction," the lives of HER MAJESTY'S subjects being apparently of no importance compared with the party exigencies of HER MAJESTY'S Government; but the House failed to see this, and the motion, after being debated, was negatived by no very large majority. At question-time the alleged mail-boat racing was denied; and Sir EDWARD GREY gave an important answer, on which we comment elsewhere, as to the Congo agreement. Committee on the "Finance Bill," as the latest improvement in tacking is called, was then resumed, and two amendments were rejected, the one without a division, the other by 27, after which progress was reported and a little uncontentious business done. Meanwhile we observe that the Imperial Assurance Company has taken time by the forelock with a scheme for assuring owners against the increased incidence of the Death duties.

Lords. On Tuesday the Lords passed the Consolidated Fund Bill (No. 2) through all its stages, and did other work.

Commons. Some time was spent in private business by the Lower House over the L. C. C. General Powers Bill and the Newcastle and Gateshead Water Bill. It is curious and interesting that Sir WILLIAM HAROURT took no objection to the long time spent on the former; but indulged in one of his finest ready-made bursts of indignation over the few minutes' "obstruction" on the latter, which happened to be opposed by a Tory member. On the Budget Sir RICHARD WEBSTER moved an important amendment adjusting the Death duties to the sum received by each legatee, and not to the total estate. This was rejected by 32 after a brisk but one-sided debate, in which hardly anybody defended the Bill

but Sir WILLIAM, Mr. MOULTON, and, in a way, Mr. COURTNEY. The last named played to admiration his favourite part of GEORGE ELIOT's last happy creation, the personage who said "Some says one 'thing and some says another, but if I were to 'give my opinion it 'ud be different." Both he and Mr. MOULTON (who took the Bill under his wing in a way which if Bills have feelings must, indeed, have made it pleased and proud) received considerable and well-deserved attention from Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, who went so far as to hint, after a fashion rarely indulged in by Opposition leaders in England, that the proposed arrangement, even if it was done, would have to be undone some day. Progress having been reported, Mr. LONG drew attention on the report of Supply to the Canadian cattle question, and Mr. FORWOOD to the recent gerrymandering of the Liverpool wards.

Wednesday was entirely occupied with the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Bill, the debate being productive of an unedifying example of Parliamentary tactics, a remarkable pronouncement from the SPEAKER, and next morning a curious display of the impudence of despair on the part of Gladstonian apologists. A later order of the day was Colonel NOLAN's Bill for repealing the Crimes Act, and the Irish accordingly made repeated attempts to stifle the debate on the earlier Bill. At last a direct demand for adjournment was met by a flat refusal from the SPEAKER, who explained that deliberate provision had been made for the preference of measures which were well advanced (as the Prevention of Cruelty Bill was) over those which were more backward. Thereupon the Irish changed their tactics and blocked the way, finally talking the Children's Bill out. And we were told next morning, in the teeth of the SPEAKER's ruling, that this was due to "the obstructive policy" of the Tories! As has been frequently remarked, Gladstonians must be the best judges of the proportion of fools in their own party, and the consequent chance of this sort of thing going down.

The business in the Upper House on Thursday was purely formal; but in the Lower there was again a battle royal, and one fought out much more thoroughly than of late. The proposal of the Government to take the whole time of the House, after a not very long but good debate, being carried by 17 only. In the previous division, on an Amendment of Mr. GOSCHEN's, this majority had been 25, the Parnellites, who in the crucial division voted against the Government, abstaining only in this. The House then subsided on its Finance Bill, and talked about it till progress was reported.

Politics out of Parliament. Two very important extra-Parliamentary speeches on the Unionist side were made yesterday week by Mr. BALFOUR, at the Junior Constitutional Club, and by the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, at Southampton. Mr. BALFOUR made fun of Lord ROSEBURY's speech at Birmingham; the Duke dealt chiefly with the singular Government policy of bringing forward this or that measure, getting it rejected, and then going not to the country but to another Bill. It was asserted that Lord ROSEBURY had made repeated attempts to make Mr. JOHN BURNS enter his Government.

The House of Lords Committee on Betterment met on Monday, and examined Lord MORLEY and Mr. CRIPPS, the L C C. agent. A strong meeting of City ratepayers was held against the Equalization of Rates Bill; and at the dinner of the Institute of Surveyors the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, who is not wont to use words lightly, described measures now before Parliament as likely to do away with resident proprietors of land.

On Wednesday morning a thorough speech of Lord

SALISBURY's at the Grocers' dinner was reported, vindicating the House of Lords, and showing the disastrous effect of the Budget. Its best point was the remark that the "cry" against the Upper House is far too useful to Gladstonians for them ever to attempt the abolition of that House in reality.—The Betterment Committee had had an interesting examination of General VIELÉ, an American Congressman and surveyor of high station. The General made the remark—not surprising to students of Democracy, but unpleasant for its blind adorers—that "the people of America wished for re-dress in many things, and could not get it."—At the National Liberal Club Mr. ARTHUR ACLAND is reported to have said that the existing condition of things was intolerable. We agree with Mr. ACLAND, more particularly in reference to the tyrannical and partisan abuse of power by certain Government departments.—A very remarkable and vigorous speech was delivered by Lord BALFOUR of Burleigh in the General Assembly against Scotch Disestablishment.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Excellent news came from Nyassaland this day week, giving further details of the affair in which the well-known slave-raider and free-booter MAKANJILA, or MAKANJIRA, having attacked Fort Maguire, had been soundly beaten, and had afterwards come in and made full submission. Frenchmen and Germans were still growling over the Anglo-Belgian Agreement. If the former will look at the map, behind the English Guinea colonies, and then reflect on their own conduct in certain other places, they may possibly subside into "a more decent and Christian frame of mind." Nothing had been settled about the French Ministry. Spain and Germany were carrying on a tariff war.

On Monday morning, although there was still grumbling about the Anglo-Belgian Agreement in France, at least one French paper let out a confession that the territory leased is quite outside that to which France claims a right of pre-emption. The Ministry had still not been "got to march." Egyptian news was smooth, Indian less so. A Customs convention had been concluded between France and Germany in reference to the possessions of both nations on the Gold and Slave Coasts. The American coal-strikers had been acting with a vigour which must have charmed our Labour sympathizers, and killing "blacklegs" by exploding dynamite in the pits. It was announced from Russia that the Czar had centralized the whole Civil Service, and deprived all intermediate officials of patronage.

A story very well invented, if not true, came from Germany at the beginning of the week, to the effect that what especially maddened the Continental part of the recent Labour Congress at Berlin was poor Mr. BURT's harmless prayer, that "God might speed the Congress." That the virgin Atheism of Germans and Frenchmen should be insulted by this awful language was too much; though some peacemaking souls tried to make out that Mr. BURT had only wished "good speed," after all.

A semi-official statement was reported from Paris on Tuesday morning, to the effect that the French Government had communicated to Italy, Belgium, and England the "terms on which France could accept" the recent arrangements between these nations in Africa. If so, it is to be hoped that the reply will, in the most exquisite language of diplomatic courtesy, translate the simple request "Mind your own business." It was asserted that M. DUPUY had at length formed a Ministry. Arrangements were being made by the Suez Canal Company for recognizing the retirement of M. DE LESSEPS by handsome pensions to himself and his family. There were floods in the Punjab and railway accidents in America. The CZAR, in a communication to the Emperor of AUSTRIA (who was backing up the Hungarian fanatics of civil marriage rather

more slackly), had hinted pretty clearly that his own father had made rather a muddle of the emancipation of the serfs. And, indeed, "emancipation" (whether religious or political) has historically in most cases spelt muddle, as Ireland, the West Indies, and the Southern States, besides Russia, show.

The most noteworthy news of Wednesday morning concerned the resignation of M. STAMBOULOFF, the something more than BISMARCK of Bulgaria; but it was not certain that the Prince would accept it. M. DUPUY's Cabinet was nearly constituted in France, and the great M. DELONCLE was going to "interpellate" on the dark deeds of Britain in the Dark Continent. It was asserted, and promptly denied, that Germany had protested.

On Thursday it appeared that the French Cabinet would contain an unusual proportion of new and comparatively young men, the most noteworthy recruit being, perhaps, M. HANOTAUX, a good historical scholar and Foreign Office servant of some experience. The Bulgarian crisis was unsettled; as was the Civil Marriage question, or, rather, that of swamping the Magnates in Hungary. It is curious that there are only two Second Chambers of real weight and value in Europe, and that popular indignation and *coup d'état* measures are being instigated against both in the interest of schemes which can do no public good, and may do much harm.

Yesterday morning's news contained M. DUPUY's Ministerial statement (very like a whale); the election of MM. BOURGET and SOREL (neither of them undeserving, but M. MONTÉGUT would have been better) to the Academy, M. ZOLA fighting both seats uselessly; the arrangement of a STOILOFF Ministry in Bulgaria; the resignation of Dr. WEKERLE in Hungary; a resolution by the United States Senate that the United States ought not to interfere (as they did interfere) in Hawaii; and some other things—altogether what some call a "matterful" budget.

Meetings. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN presided at the Newspaper Dinners, &c. Press Fund dinner on this day week, and made a lively speech, wherein we regret to see that he scandalized several Gladstonian newspapers by allusions and jests which ruffled their feelings.

The Geographical Society held its meeting and dinner on Monday, when also Mr. BALFOUR spoke at a meeting to support the Bishop of ST. ALBANS' Fund.

On Tuesday the Archbishop of CANTERBURY presided at a Missionary Conference, and foreboded that the work now done by Societies would ultimately be done by the Church itself. This, if the money difficulty could be got over, would be no small gain; for, though the independence of episcopal control, which in the past has been so disastrous, has been a little reduced of late, the system is still one liable to great abuse.

On Wednesday the PRINCE OF WALES, molested by the rain which prevailed all over England, reviewed the Staffordshire and Warwickshire Yeomanry at Lichfield. The opening of the Bath and West of England Show at Guildford was a little more fortunate in weather. The LORD MAYOR entertained the Judges and a strong contingent of the Bar at dinner; and coaches, mercenary and amateur, met in great numbers, the former on the Horse Guards Parade in the morning, the latter at Hyde Park in the afternoon.

On Thursday Mr. IRVING presided at the Theatrical Fund dinner, and Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN at that of the Society of Authors.

The Universities. This week Balliol College, which has the uncommon privilege of electing its own Visitor, replaced the late Lord BOWEN by the SPEAKER.

Welsh Dis- Several Bishops, with the Archbishop of CANTERBURY at their head, have followed up the general Episcopal manifesto on this subject with

special Diocesan addresses, urging the formation and support of Church Defence Societies. This is the right way to do things.

Correspondence. This day week Lord GALWAY commented, moderately and justly, but with great force, on the extraordinary conduct of the Christ Church authorities, who, we are glad to see, have partly confessed their fault by inviting the sent-down men to return for the Schools, if they choose.

An interesting letter expressing the PRINCE OF WALES's satisfaction with his visit to the Gordon Boys' Home was published on Monday, together with a somewhat late attempt of Mr. DILLON's to explain away those vaticinations as to the result of a General Election which have so annoyed his party, and some echoes of the old dispute between Sir JOHN ASTLEY and the Chevalier O'CLERY about the Irish party of some years ago.

Mr. HIRAM MAXIM wrote an amusing letter to the papers of Thursday declaring that, in the course of some hours' experiment, he had elaborated a bullet-proof coat as good as Herr DÖWE's, and nothing like the weight, which he was prepared to sell to the Government at the "werry moderate figgur" of seven and sixpence.

The Law Courts. The singular case of FOSTER v. NEWNES ended yesterday week in a verdict for the defendant. Mr. Justice MATHEW, in summing up, complimented the plaintiff on his appearance in the witness-box, and then proceeded to make a very scathing exposure of the recognized system of doing company-business. It would really be worth while for somebody to extract from the reports of three or four recent cases a plain but vivid tale of the "something rotten in the state of business" that Limited Liability has brought about in the last thirty or forty years. If Mr. FOSTER, as is reported, subsequently indulged in disrespectful remarks on the judge's "ignorance," and on the "hash" he made, he will not only receive the disapproval of all Tories with a sense of decency, but will lead them to think that perhaps the judge *may* have "made a hash"—in his compliments to Mr. FOSTER.

Eleven judges sat on Monday as a Court for Crown Cases Reserved to decide the "spoilt walnuts" case, and quashed the original conviction of the wholesale dealer therein. Lady RUSSELL, who not long ago petitioned for a divorce on grounds not ordinary, now petitioned for restitution of conjugal rights. The "good grey cat," who had more than once appeared in a police-court, was adjudged to a proud defendant.

A curious charge has been heard at Bow Street this week against certain armourer-sergeants for selling condemned rifles from an Indian arsenal to Pathan tribes.

Racing. The French Oaks, or Prix de Diane, was won on Sunday by Baron DE ROTHSCHILD'S Brisk, beating a hot favourite in M. ABEILLE'S Calécoïlaire.

There has been a good deal of racing during the past ten days at Kempton Park, Bath, York, and Doncaster. But the Great Northern Handicap and the Somersetshire Stakes have long lost the interest that they once had, and the week before the Derby now contains little of importance.

Cricket. Some fine scores were recorded in the later matches of last week, all curiously close in numbers, Mr. JACKSON making 131 for Yorkshire (who beat Sussex easily in one innings); ABEL 136 for Surrey, in a very up-and-down match with Middlesex, which went over into the third day; Dr. GRACE 139 for M.C.C. against Cambridge, and TOMLIN 140 for Leicestershire against another M.C.C. team. All these, however, were eclipsed on Saturday by Mr. L. C. H. PALAIRET'S 181 for his county against his University—a score which, with another of 75

from Mr. J. A. GIBBS, enabled Somerset to draw the match with Oxford after more than a thousand runs had been made in the four innings. At Cambridge M.C.C. (Dr. GRACE bowling as well as batting in his best form) were too strong for the University, and won by eight wickets. Meanwhile, Surrey beat Middlesex by five; and a rather interesting match of high scoring between Hampshire and the South African team was drawn.

Accident, powerfully assisted by showery weather, made the first batch of this week's matches comparatively uninteresting. Only one three-figure score, and that not in a first-class match, was reported; but Mr. DOUGLAS's 97 for Cambridge (First Eleven v. Next Sixteen), Mr. MORDAUNT's 75 for Oxford against South Africa, and some good hitting by Messrs. BAINBRIDGE and DOCKER, and by WALTER QUAIFE for Warwickshire against Essex, were the chief things noticeable.

The weather further prevented the finishing of any of these matches just mentioned on Wednesday, though Middlesex were able to beat Gloucestershire after a hollow, and Yorkshire Notts after a very good, contest.

Miscellaneous. A very important meeting was held yesterday to urge the continuance of the decorations of St. Paul's Cathedral; a meeting at which a letter from the PRINCE OF WALES was read, stating that he sympathized, but "had made it a rule not to attend public meetings."

The GAINSBOROUGH replica or variation of "The Market Cart" was knocked down at CHRISTIE'S this day week at 4,500 guineas.

The familiar difference between buying and selling was well illustrated on Tuesday at the sale of the materials of the unlucky Albert Palace, at Battersea, where two thousand square feet of glazed roofing fetched five and twenty shillings. It is true that taking it down might be pretty expensive.

The election of Mr. "VAL" PRINSEP as a Royal Academician should meet with universal approval.

An extraordinary statement appears in some Birmingham papers about the sale of the church doors of Stratford-on-Avon—fifteenth-century doors of carved oak—for firewood. Perhaps somebody will look into it.

Considerable interest has been felt during the week in the successive retirement of Sir EDWARD WATKIN from his Railway Chairmanships—the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, the Metropolitan, and the South-Eastern.

Mr. RODEN NOEL, whose death was announced on Monday, was a man of very considerable literary and poetic faculty, who never quite got his sentiments under control or his powers of expression in disciplined order. Some five and twenty years ago a good deal was (and justly) expected from him; but, though almost to the last he produced estimable work, the promise was but partly fulfilled. He was thus an additional instance of the reasonableness of that critical demand for self-restraint, self-criticism, and attention to form which is so often regarded with impatience. Discipline alone, no doubt, will never make a poet; but the want of it will too often mar one.—General D'ANDLAU was an only too well-marked type of the politicians who have supplied French novelists with characters during the Second Empire to some extent, and still more during the Third Republic. He died in Argentina, whither he had been driven some years ago by a scandal, flagrant at the time, in reference to "hell"-keeping and decoration-selling.—Mr. BRIAN HODGSON, who died last week older than the century, was not only the "father" of the Indian Civil Service, but one of its greatest ornaments. He was one of the earliest and one of the best of Western Buddhist scholars; and during his twenty-five years' tenure of the post of

Resident in Nepaul, he, we believe, actually started that system of recruiting the Ghoorkas which has been so invaluable to our Indian army.—Mr. TREGELLAS, draughtsman to the War Office, was also a most patriotic Cornishman, and had written, besides a Guide to the Duchy, much else respecting it.

NUMBER ONE, AMERICA.

THAT the Irish are "bad subjects but worse rebels" is a venerable epigram which the unlucky Gladstonians have long been justified in supplementing with the addition that they are still worse allies. If the disloyalty which arrays them against the Government is exceeded by the levity which plays into the hands of their enemies, that again is surpassed by the perversity which confounds their friends. Not once or twice ere this, but times out of number, have they contrived to paralyse the efforts of whatever English party, or section of a party, may for the moment be endeavouring to serve them; and again and again have they shown what might also seem a malignant ingenuity in timing the stroke. There could hardly, for instance, have been a more infelicitous coincidence for the English friends of the Irish Nationalist than the publication, in this country, of Mr. P. J. P. TYNAN'S interesting, if unequal, work on the eve of the discussion, in Committee of the House of Commons, of the Bill for the repeal of the Crimes Act; unless, indeed, it be the concurrence of that literary event with the active renewal, in the Irish Nationalist press, of appeals to Mr. TYNAN'S friends in the United States for contributions to the depleted coffers of the Irish Parliamentary party. The extraordinary inconvenience of these synchronisms is so acutely felt by the Gladstonians that, with all their professions of contempt for Mr. TYNAN and his "ineffably silly book," they are yet unable to receive its ineffable silliness with what one would have supposed to be its appropriate treatment of contemptuous silence. On the contrary, the principal organ of the Government devotes a whole uncomfortable column to the not difficult attempt to show that the writer is a "wretched half-educated creature," that his stuff is "the very drivel of mock heroics," and, in short, that a murderer who can descend to fustian loses all claim to be treated seriously by sensible people. A man who cannot describe the Phoenix Park murders without talking about "the glorious orb," "the idol of early nature, shooting forth fiery rays across the horizon, as if the sun in sympathy had "dipped into a bath of blood and fire," is obviously unworthy of notice—even though, as a matter of fact, the Phoenix Park murders were committed, and he undoubtedly had a hand in them. This is a considerable advance on the well-known Radical position, that incitements to crime may be safely disregarded if only the language in which they are couched can be described as "raving." The developed doctrine apparently goes the length of affirming that, after crime has been actually committed, the criminal may reduce himself to unimportance by the vices of his literary style. Thus, though the murder of President LINCOLN may have been momentarily shocking, yet as soon as it was found that the assassin was capable of so absurd a piece of theatrical bombast as to shout "Sic semper tyrannis!" the American people would have done more wisely by letting the crazy mountebank go his way.

The story that Mr. TYNAN has to tell is of course pretty well known already. There is little in *The Irish National Invincibles and their Times* by which we can with confidence correct or supplement existing records of the doings of this association of cowardly cut-throats. The connexion of "No. 1" with the

Phoenix Park murders was already well ascertained ; and the identification of the mysterious cipher with TYNAN—though, by the way, it is nowhere admitted in the text, and we know not the authority for its appearance on the title-page—has been generally, and on sufficient grounds, accepted. With all the doings of the “sacred band,” as Mr. TYNAN poetically calls those remarkable Thebans, JOE BRADY, DANIEL CURLEY, FITZHARRIS—otherwise “Skin the Goat”—and their companions, we are well acquainted, through the investigations of the Irish police and the disclosures of the Green Street trials. If the author can be said to add anything to our knowledge of the train of circumstances which thrust the necks of the sacred band into their well-earned halters, it is in some of those unconsciously humorous touches whereby he shows what a toss-up it was up to the last moment as to which of the “paladins” would “give away” the others. As an act of tardy justice to the shade of the late lamented Town Councillor CAREY, it should be remarked that in all probability it was only the promptitude of Mrs. CAREY that secured him his preference as an approver. The “British had spread broadcast on the wings of “calumny” the statement that CAREY, CURLEY, and MULLET were “all three only too eager to purchase “safety by laying bare the secrets of their heart to “the British officials.” And, says Mr. TYNAN, setting before us, by one artless but no less masterly stroke, the mutual confidence which subsists among Irish conspirators, “this scandal was so cleverly concocted “that the families of all these men believed the story “true of the others.” It was, indeed, through the action of this national tendency in the mind of the particular “paladin” who turned QUEEN’s evidence that his accusing testimony was ultimately secured. “At “first he was indignant at his wife’s statements ; for, “along with his lifetime detestation of an informer, “he dreaded the doom that would always hang over “him as chief traitor to his comrades. But the belief “implanted in his weak mind that it was a race “between CURLEY and himself decided the issue” ; and the other scoundrels swung. It is painful to record in this connexion that “CAREY’s youngest child, “a few months old, had JOSEPH BRADY for sponsor,” little thinking, he, that he was so soon about to “re-“nounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world” in his own person. But, if the race of CAREYS and CURLEYS is destined to perpetuity in Ireland, let us pray that their reciprocal trust in each other may be at least as enduring as the breed.

Beyond the region of matters which belong to history, and as to which we are enabled to apply some sort of test to Mr. TYNAN’s statements, we should be extremely sorry to follow him. Indeed, we could hardly do so to much purpose if we would, since that statesmanlike caution which enabled him to resist the passionate impulses of his patriotism and take himself with much expedition out of the country as soon as he found it becoming a little warm for him, still governs his conduct, and he ascribes criminality to no one not actually convicted of crime, except under the concealment of (manifestly arbitrary) initials. Thus, it is not particularly enlightening to be told that “‘Y,’ then “and now a Parnellite member of the enemy’s Par-“liament, volunteered to sacrifice his life by going to “Ireland and publicly ‘suppressing’ FORSTER.” Nor is it much help to identification to be told that “he is “a prominent member of the McCarthyite faction.” Rapidly fissiparous as Irish Nationalism has shown itself, there are still a “good few” members of the group here indicated, and we are not prepared to deny “prominence” to any Irish politician. If Mr. TYNAN had only allowed the processes at work in the bosom of the Nationalist party to operate a little longer, his revelations would have been more informing. It looks, indeed,

as if the time were approaching when to name an Irish “faction” will be equivalent to designating an individual patriot. To the identity of “Z,” a Parnellite “near to the highest in that organization,” who, on hearing that the enemy was on the look out for the writer, “urged his instant departure,” we get a slightly less vague indication, for we are told that in 1891 he “still remained under the banner of Mr. PARNELL.” Still, it is even then seven to one against our guessing the particular Parnellite accused ; while the combined odds against our finding a member of that party who was, in truth and in fact, an accessory to “No. 1’s” escape are, of course, expressed by the product of the above integer multiplied into the probability of Mr. TYNAN’s lying—a calculation which would, no doubt, require the employment of the algebraic symbol n .

However, the question is not whether this vapouring villain lies, or does not lie, in imputing complicity with murder to members of either branch of the Irish Parliamentary party. The question is, or rather the questions are, (1) whether, leaving charges against individuals aside, it is or is not a substantially true statement that “the Parnellism of that “epoch (1882) and the Invincibles were one and the “same body,” and that “the policy of the active move-“ment sprang from the organized ranks of ‘legal “‘agitation’’” ; (2) whether the contempt which this man pours, in every page of his book, upon the “Pro-“vincialists,” who are now working with an English party in the cause of Home Rule, is, or is not, shared by the main body of the Irish Americans, for whom, at least primarily, he writes ; and (3) whether it is, or is not, the fact that these latter are still the masters of the constitutional party, and the ultimate dictators of their policy, and would become the real rulers of Ireland under a *régime* of Gladstonian Home Rule. These, we say, are the real questions which the publication of this wretch’s “ravings” propounds to us ; and to those who hold, as we do, that they must one and all be answered in the affirmative, the uneasy sneers of the Gladstonian commentator at its style and diction must appear the idlest of trifling. To dismiss Mr. TYNAN, in the language of the *Daily News*, as merely an “incurable “fool,” is to be guilty of folly far grosser than his own. The greater the fool the more insane the experiment of granting self-government to the community among whom fools have such power of mischief. It was but the “accident of his infirmity,” we are told, “that put “one of his actions on the level of tragedy.” Why, the French Terror might, at this rate, be described with substantial accuracy as one continuous series of similar “accidents” ; and, indeed, it is one of the most sinister features of Jacobin rule that it allowed so many *farceurs* to appear with temporary acceptance in tragic parts.

RECOVERED RINGS.

PHILOSOPHERS have pretty nearly persuaded themselves that when a story is told in most parts of the world it cannot possibly be true. They argue that history cannot have repeated itself in several WILLIAM TELLS, each of whom kept back an arrow for the well-known purpose of killing a tyrant. Consequently such tales are fables. If we accepted this opinion, we might doubt whether there can be any truth in all the stories of strangely recovered rings. They are all forms, we might infer, of the anecdote about the ring of POLYCRATES, which he threw into the sea for the purpose of propitiating the jealousy of the gods. The ring was presently found in a fish at the table of POLYCRATES, whence he was regarded as a doomed man ; for such luck must turn. On the sceptical theory, this narrative is a myth, was told of

other people before it was told of POLYCRATES, and after his date was repeated about new characters all the world over.

This sounds very wise; but unluckily such recoveries of rings and other jewels are by no means uncommon and are perfectly well attested. Thus, a gentleman was crossing an arm of the sea in Scotland when, for reasons of his own, he threw into the water a *modern* Roman bracelet of gold. A few years later, when his motives for this act had ceased to exist, he read that an *ancient* Roman bracelet had been dredged up in a net out of that branch of ocean. He visited the owner of the relic and recovered his own trinket, just as POLYCRATES did. However, no particular envy of the gods has since visited him to avenge his peculiar luck. Mr. JONES, in his *Finger Ring Lore*, gives other examples. From Sir J. E. ALEXANDER'S *Salmon Fishing in Canada* he quotes the case of WILLIAM MASSEY, who at his bridal feast found, as he was carving a salmon, a solid gold finger ring below the head of the fish. It was said at the time to be the ring of his former wife, who had been drowned in Shannon, "but 'this Mr. MASSEY denied aloud.' A gold ring is just as attractive to a salmon as an angel minnow, and the fish of POLYCRATES may have had a similar appetite. A Mr. VAN NOTTEN lost a ring in a lake and recovered it when the lake was drained. MOORE tells how BYRON'S mother's wedding ring was found in the soil by the gardener on the day when Miss MILLBANKE'S acceptance of the poet's proposal arrived. If this was good luck, the jealousy of the gods very soon avenged it. BRAND, in his *History of Newcastle*, mentions that a gentleman dropped his ring into the Tyne, and that his wife afterwards bought a fish which had swallowed the jewel. This was "in the seventeenth century," and can hardly be called "evidential." At Inverness a jeweller's boy was carrying a costly ring to a customer. He took it out to look at it on the bridge, and dropped it into the water. Not expecting his tale to be credited, he fled the country, went to Australia, and made a fortune. After his return he was telling the story to a friend. "It was on this very spot," he said, thrusting his stick into the gravel; and there was the ring round the end of his stick! For this anecdote it would be well to have signed evidence. Some years ago a man made a design for his own seal, a sprig of heather, with the motto "Heather" engraved. He went to bathe on a lonely beach, and laid his ring down on a flat stone beside his clothes. After dressing he missed his ring, nor could he find it anywhere. After a few years he received a letter from a friend in Australia, sealed with the heather seal. He wrote, asking where his friend got the ring, who replied that it had been lent to him by a stranger in the post-office whence he had sent the letter. In this case the ring was not recovered by the owner, as the stranger could not be traced; but the coincidence was curious enough. A sportsman lost a ring when shooting. Next year, in breaking a piece of peat in a farmhouse, he found his ring in the peat. An old gentleman, sleeping at the country-house of a friend, lost a valuable sapphire ring. Long afterwards it was found in the fluted pillar of the bed; perhaps the owner had deposited it there in a moment of somnambulism. A lost ring has been discovered by its owner inside a potato which she was peeling; in fact, rings, like curses, come home to roost. There is, at this hour, a diamond ring in a pool of the Yarrow; some angler is likely to find it some day, but perhaps not in the lifetime of the owner. Anglers and others "will please accept this 'intimation,'" and are requested not to insert the jewel in the stomach of a trout, though the temptation is certainly considerable. As the bracelet story is the only one for which we can give chapter and verse, the learned may, at their leisure, decide as to whether the

others are or are not variants of the Herodotean tale about POLYCRATES. The ring in the City of Glasgow's arms, the ring of the Queen, recovered through a miracle of ST. KENTIGERN'S, is the most mythical, perhaps, in the collection.

AFFAIRS OF AFRICA.

THE events and documents which were announced, or published, last week in relation to our African dominions continue to possess a good deal of interest. Not much need be said of the Matabeleland settlement. A more thorough acquaintance with the papers confirms the opinion that it is, on the whole, a very fair settlement, and that the proper Imperial control is very sufficiently arranged for. If everybody does what England theoretically expects him to do, and if the Matabele will not provoke their fate, and if the fever will show itself rather less persistent in its attentions than it has hitherto done, Matabele-Mashonaland may be quite a pearl of a colony. And if anybody says that these are rather large "ifs," it is a sufficient rejoinder that they, or something like them, are tacitly implied—are contained in a sort of unwritten preamble—in every actual and possible State paper. What such documents have to do is to avoid expressly and wantonly making disaster probable; and of this we see no signs here.

There is much more to be said about the agreement with the Congo State, respecting which a good deal remains to be cleared up. Unless there is some strange weakness of knees at home, we do not fear any serious complications from foreign grumbling. That in Germany has already died down; it was never raised by very responsible persons, and it had not the slightest basis of right or even claim of right. The Agreement took nothing of Germany's, touched nothing of Germany's, and did not trench in the very remotest degree on German rights; while the conduct of the Germans towards us in their recent agreement with France has not been so effusively tender of English interests and wishes as to require us to go out of our own way to consult their fancies. With France matters are, no doubt, a little different. Although, probably, not one Frenchman in a thousand ever heard of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, while not one in twenty thousand could answer the question "Does the strip 'leased to England go anywhere near Ruanda?" a great many Frenchmen are, no doubt, firmly convinced that they have been "rolled," as they say in their agreeable lingo, by the sacred English pigs. It is just worth pointing out that M. POINCARE, one of the ornaments of the new Ministry, thought it worth his while to make a violent attack on the Agreement; and that some other members are notorious Anglophobes. But the placid and plain tale of Sir EDWARD GREY on Monday ought to put all these down. Mr. LABOUCHERE, with his usual recklessness of damage to England, if we must not say with his usual anxiety to invite it, tried to extract from Sir EDWARD an avowal that Khartoum was not regarded as within the sphere of English influence; and some seem to have thought that he got it. We should be gravely dissatisfied if we thought so; but we do not so read Sir EDWARD'S reply at all. He meant, as we take it, that Khartoum was not included in the territories affected by the Agreement, which is gospel truth. But the earlier parts of his answer were beyond dispute, and entirely satisfactory. He showed—what is, of course, the fact—that France has allowed four years to pass without making the smallest protest against the English claim to these regions in our agreement with Germany; and it is no answer to this to say, as the French do, that they never formally accepted it. And he further pointed out, what even some rational

Frenchmen have admitted, that the so-called pre-emption claims of France (a matter in which we are glad to see that he used carefully non-committting language) are, even if they be recognized, not interfered with in the very slightest degree by the treaty. In other words, "the terms on which France is prepared to "recognize" that treaty, as the telegrams of Tuesday had it, are matters of no importance, because the recognition of France is immaterial. We took France into council in the Zanzibar matter, because we had given her some rights there once upon a time. We never gave her any in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, or between the Lakes, and we shall make what arrangements we choose without consulting her, any more than she would in a similar matter consult us, or than she did consult us the other day in making terms with Germany as to the Tchad district. Lastly, to talk as the French do about the rights of Turkey and Egypt, when the rights of Turkey and Egypt are expressly safeguarded in the Agreement, is either a good deal too childish or a good deal too audacious. They may, as Sir EDWARD GREY said on Thursday, accept the Agreement "with "full reserves," but they have no real reason for protesting against it.

This, put of course in the politest way possible, is the only position to take on the Congo State question. That in reference to the Anglo-Italian agreement as to the coast regions between Bab-el-Mandeb and Cape Guardafui is a little more complicated, in consequence of the rather unwise toleration of French possessions (which have no genuine existence as colonies, and are only intended as thorns in other people's sides) at Obock and Tajurrah. That these possessions give any right of French interference cannot reasonably be contended. But there is a sort of excuse for the contention which makes it less impudently absurd than the pothet made about a region where the French have never possessed, or even claimed in any tangible manner, a yard of land, to which they have never sent so much as an exploring party, and which has little, if anything, more to do with them than the heart of Siberia or the central forests of Brazil.

POLITICAL "BLESSED BOYS."

IN the second part of GOETHE's great poem, a "chorus" of "blessed boys" is introduced as taking part in the full choral services with which the soul of the redeemed hero is welcomed to heaven. These beatified young gentlemen have been admitted to the realms above without going through any probation on earth, which has been to them merely a point of departure. Their innocence is absolute, but their want of experience and their timidity are as strongly marked. In these respects they have always reminded us of peers who have entered the Upper Chamber without having passed through the Lower. These members of the House of Lords can always be distinguished from peers who were once members of the House of Commons. There is a certain simplicity in their bearing, a childlike confidence, and yet a proneness to alarm and a consciousness of having missed a valuable discipline, which is pathetic. They do not understand the manœuvres to which peers who have had a career in the Commons are perhaps too prone. They are inexpert in guile. It would be easy to point these remarks by examples, but instances will occur to every reader. It is remarkable that these "blessed boys" of politics have seldom attained the very highest position in the State. From the time of WALPOLE to our own day there have been nearly as many House of Lords Prime Ministers as House of Commons Prime Ministers, and the balance of ability has been very fairly maintained between them. But the number of Peer-Premiers who have

never sat in the House of Commons is very few, and, if we may say so without anticipating the verdict of history and the next general election on the latest of their number, not very distinguished. During nearly a century and three-quarters only five of these blessed political boys have become Prime Ministers. They are the Duke of NEWCASTLE—the Duke of HORACE WALPOLE, MACAULAY, and the caricaturists—the Marquess of BUTE, Lord ROCKINGHAM, Lord ABERDEEN, and Lord ROSEBERY. No one will contend that this list gives an average of ability at all equal to that of the remaining Premiers. Every one of these peers, stopping short for the moment with Lord ROSEBERY, ranks as Prime Minister among the failures of political life. Lord ROSEBERY's future conduct may take him out of this melancholy category; but the auguries are against him at present.

It is curious that three of the five Peer-Premiers who have entered the Upper House without passing through the Lower have been Scotchmen. Between Lord ROSEBERY and his immediate predecessor in this list there are some circumstances in common. No two men, indeed, could be more unlike each other than the grave, puritanic, taciturn Thane and his engagingly talkative successor. Lord ABERDEEN had achieved distinction as Foreign Minister. He was the necessary man of Sir ROBERT PEEL'S Administration, as Lord ROSEBERY of Mr. GLADSTONE'S, though for different reasons. If he had never been Prime Minister he might have had the reputation of being fit for the office, which his tenure of it completely destroyed. His lieutenant in the House of Commons was a defeated rival, who held himself entitled to the first place, and who never lost an opportunity of asserting his claims. Lord ROSEBERY, like Lord ABERDEEN, was a Foreign Minister whom opinion and the exigencies of his party designated as Prime Minister. Lord ROSEBERY'S leader of the House of Commons, like Lord ABERDEEN'S, was a competitor for the first place. We do not in the least question Sir WILLIAM HAROURT'S loyalty to his chief, who not very many years ago was his Under-Secretary. Lord JOHN RUSSELL might with perfect truth have replied to remonstrances of Lord ABERDEEN'S by saying, "My "dear ABERDEEN, you have never sat in the House of "Commons; you don't know it; you can't possibly "understand how it is to be managed. You must "leave these things to me." Sir WILLIAM HAROURT might truly and with the most honourable intentions say the same to Lord ROSEBERY. The most successful Peer-Premiers have sat in the House of Commons. Lord LIVERPOOL, Lord DERBY, Lord BEACONSFIELD, and Lord SALISBURY knew it as well as Mr. CANNING, Sir ROBERT PEEL, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and Lord PALMERSTON did. Lord ROSEBERY obviously does not; nor does he know the country, which, in the political sense, can best be known through the House of Commons. Hence his helpless driftings to and fro; his maladroit collisions with every section of his composite party, and his more maladroit attempts to propitiate them. It is not essential, nor always desirable, that the Prime Minister should be in the House of Commons. But it is a great advantage that he should have been there. A House of Commons man can be recognized in the Lords as easily as a public-school man at the University.

BAD WALNUTS MAKE GOOD LAW.

WHEN eleven judges decide a case with only one dissentient, the world is forced to admit that the law they lay down is good law; and that part of the world which reads Sir HENRY HAWKINS'S judgment in the case of *Regina v. DENNIS*, finally decided last

Monday, will have no difficulty in acknowledging that the general rule has received a particular example. The facts of the case are simple. DENNIS, a wholesale fruit-dealer, received a quantity of walnuts from Grenoble. The walnuts were bad from the epicure's point of view—that is, they were of a cheap quality from Grenoble, and their husks had been removed by chemicals, which throws a lurid light on how the poor live. But they seem to have been good in the eye of the law—that is, they could be eaten without danger, though even so they were not likely to remain long in this state. They seem, in fact, to have held out for ten days, when, it being a Saturday, ten bags were sold, of which eight were returned. Knowledge of this return came to DENNIS on Monday; but he had meanwhile sold another twenty bags to LYONS on Saturday. These LYONS found to be bad, and tried to return them to DENNIS, but could not do so on Saturday because his shop was shut; he accordingly gave them to the Sanitary Inspector to be destroyed. The Inspector took them to the magistrate as being bad food, and he, under a most useful section of the London Public Health Act, ordered them to be destroyed, and fined DENNIS. He appealed to Quarter Sessions, and was convicted again, but got a case stated for the High Court. The law is that, had LYONS offered them for sale as human food, and had the Inspector seized them as unwholesome, DENNIS could be fined if the walnuts were bad when he sold them to LYONS. As it was, they could not have been seized when in LYONS's possession, because he did not offer them for sale for food; but, apart from that, they could not have been seized when in DENNIS's possession, bad though they were at the time of the sale, if he could prove that they were not offered for sale for the food of man. This is to the walnut-eater the more important part of the case, and it was decided that the Court below had not left to the consideration of the jury certain matters which it was material that they should know. It appeared that DENNIS had a notice in his shop, kenspeckle to behold, that parcels of fruit were sold on the condition that the purchaser was to sort out and destroy any part of their contents which were bad; also that it is the custom of Covent Garden that the purchaser buys a packet of fruit by sample, and also looks out, weighs, and, if he can, smells the packages; and, further, that it is the duty of the purchaser to sort out and destroy bad fruit from a package. DENNIS's notice was, therefore, merely a declaration of the general custom. He may, therefore, be taken not to have intended to sell bad walnuts—bad, that is, in the eye of the law—that they might be used for human food; and he accordingly came out of his litigation scatheless, and with a general good character from ten judges; MATHEW J. dissentiente, as to his legal guilt at least.

The general result seems to be as satisfactory to the consumer of fruit as can be expected in this incomplete world. Fruit will go bad, but even a middleman is entitled to some consideration. Both DENNIS and LYONS seem to have acted reasonably enough; and the all-important fact remains that no member of the public had any chance of buying the bad walnuts in which they trafficked. The adulteration laws are not always so lenient. Sir HENRY HAWKINS has before now made himself a terror to milk dealers, who now are liable to fines if their milk is not as creamy as milk ought to be; so that if, unawares, a milkman has given one customer too much of the cream floating at the top of his can, he is a criminal if he gives too little to a customer served from a lower stratum. By an odd failure in the other direction, he who sells poisonous baking-powder commits no crime, for baking-powder is not food (Sir HENRY's decision again); but the seller of bread made with such baking-powder is guilty. Milkmen and bakers are, no doubt, sus-

pected of all men, and may not meet with much sympathy in their misfortunes. But honest men will rejoice that the blameless dealer in fruit meets with a milder law, even if the fruit be chemically peeled walnuts from Grenoble.

LE MINISTÈRE DES JEUNES.

WE have some hesitation in speaking of the Cabinet which M. DUPUY succeeded in forming in the middle of this week as the present French Ministry, and which began its existence by enunciating the usual string of platitudes on Thursday. It is so very possible that it also may have to be described as "the late" by the time this number of the *Saturday Review* appears. The Radicals, as was to be expected, do not like it, and the Right regard it with no confidence. As it was a combination of these two parties which upset M. CASIMIR PERIER, it may well be that the second Ministry of M. DUPUY will have a very brief life. The Deputies whose abstention last week brought about the crisis may give the Cabinet a chance. We make no prophecies as to the time during which it may last, or the date. This much, however, may be asserted with confidence, that, if M. DUPUY repeats the mistake of M. CASIMIR PERIER, he will come to a speedy fall. If he is consistent and fairly resolute, giving it to be understood that he will not live on sufferance, he will very soon be taught his place. One thing may really be asserted with some confidence about the French Chamber of Deputies, and it is that it will not endure "a master." If M. DUPUY affects that character, he will very briefly be brought to his senses by desertions and abstentions. The Chamber is a mere organized anarchy without a constituted majority or loyalty. Only a master of whom it cannot get rid could keep it from upsetting Ministry after Ministry. If France were in any serious national danger, a master would forcibly have to be found, if it was not to fall into utter confusion. But in a state of peace, with a permanent Civil Service which conducts current affairs, and a high level of material prosperity, the country may, and probably will, shamble along for some time yet.

There is little temptation to waste words in examining the constitution of such a necessarily evanescent, and essentially rather unimportant, body as a French Cabinet. "Who," asked Mr. CARLYLE, "would spend 'his time in screwing and unscrewing the mechanism 'of ten pepper-mills?" This pepper-mill has the distinction of being composed of rather fresher material than most others. It has been named *Le Ministère des Jeunes*, and differs from its predecessors in this, that, whereas they were elderly and obscure, it is young, and generally unknown. Whether this new and infinitely duller version of *Les Jeunes-France* is to live a *roman goguenard* or not, the history of its formation has certainly been a *conte humoristique*. Last week M. CASIMIR PERIER was turned out of office by a majority of Radicals, aided by a few of the Right. More Republicans of one shade or another voted against him than for him. According to all Parliamentary precedent, the proper course was to call on the victorious majority to form a Ministry. M. CARNOT took this course with the most absurd result. One Radical leader after another refused to undertake the task of forming a Cabinet. Several, indeed, were prepared to serve under another Premier, but all refused to take the post themselves. The solemn M. BRISON even, who has been a reserve force for years, declined to come out of his reserve. The fact seems to be that, whereas it is an advantage to write ex-Minister on your cards, it is a nuisance and a scrape to be Premier of a Cabinet which could not last long. The

Radicals know very well that they would no sooner begin attempting to apply their principles than they would be hustled out of office by a coalition of terrified Moderates and the Right. They prefer to remain in possession of their old privilege of upsetting the Ministries of others. It seems that this decision has not given unmixed satisfaction to their followers, but it shows a certain practical sense.

On the whole, the crisis, as far as it proves anything, proves that the French Chamber has returned, after apparently escaping for a time, to exactly the same condition of miserable impotence in which it was during the great days of M. CLÉMENCEAU. The Radicals are again masters of the situation. They cannot form a Ministry; but there is no certainty from day to day that they will not upset a Cabinet formed from the other Republican parties. In fact, it is certain that they will do so whenever the Right wishes to punish the Ministers for the time being, and any section of Republicans is sulky or indifferent. We notice that there is a disposition in some quarters to find consolation in the youth of M. DUPUY's Cabinet, of which the majority are under forty. But, putting aside the fact that the new Ministers are not exactly chickens, and have mostly belonged to the Chamber for years, and even been in office, without distinguishing themselves, their comparatively tender years are mainly a proof that more mature men are used up, and that M. DUPUY has been driven to take what he could get. M. POINCARÉ has some vague reputation for knowledge of finance; but, if we are not mistaken, he declined to put it to the rough test of office when he was offered the Portfolio of Finance by M. DUPUY before, and preferred the safe Ministry of Education. M. DELCASSÉ, the new Colonial Minister, has some reputation as an enemy of England, and his selection for the post is a pleasing proof of the friendly sentiments of France to this country. M. HANOTAUX, who has been selected as Foreign Minister, since M. CAMBON wisely declined to leave the Embassy at Constantinople for such a very uncertain place, has at least been trained in the diplomatic service, and has some reputation in literature as the author of an incomplete *Life of RICHELIEU*, begun on a monumental scale, and as the editor of his *Maxims*. The others are common politicians of the most common kind.

THE NEW GRAB AT ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

WE have on various occasions drawn attention to the strange attempts made by the Charity Commissioners, who should protect it, to injure, if not destroy, one of the most important institutions committed to their trusteeship, Dean COLET'S famous School of St. Paul's. It will be remembered that, owing to the stout resistance of Old Paulines, supported by the press and the public, one attempt of the kind was stopped some time ago. A "fresh scheme" (which, as we know by sad experience, generally means a fresh attack) has now been put forth by the Commissioners, and, like the former, it needs uncompromising resistance. We have no space here for the details, which, indeed, have been made pretty generally accessible in the daily papers. But the objections to the scheme may be said to be twofold. It does not remedy—it rather aggravates—the mischievous changes in the Governing Body, which would lay it, as the Governing Body of a great school never ought to be laid, open to municipal and political wire-pulling and jobbery. And it makes a new and almost incomprehensibly fatal attack on the School income, of which it assigns the smaller and fixed half only to St. Paul's School itself—a sum demonstrably insufficient to carry on the School as it is now carried without raising the fees—the larger half, with,

as we understand, all future increment, to the establishment and maintenance of lower-grade schools which are not wanted, which are not in the least in accordance with COLET'S clearly expressed intentions, and which can be regarded as nothing but a fresh largesse in the reckless game of bribery-with-endowments now going on in scales varying from that of the Welsh Church Plunder scheme to that of the alienation of small village doles. Now in this particular game there are three players who can take a direct hand—the Commissioners, the Education Department, and Parliament. Of the two former there is not much hope; for, as we have said, the new piece of popularity-hunting comes from the Commissioners themselves, and the Education Department is at no time very prompt, and under Mr. ACLAND may be expected to be less prompt than ever, to stop anything of the kind. Nor has the public any direct hold on either. Upon Parliament it has. And even yet there should be sufficient sympathy with the public school system in Parliament itself to make members unwilling to see a great foundation harried and plundered, its hereditary and natural guardians ousted in favour of persons with no interest in its welfare and chosen in the worst of all ways, its work (which on legitimate lines has been immensely extended of late years) hampered and starved, and its resources squandered on objects totally foreign to its own intention.

M. STAMBOULOFF.

IT is not easy at this distance, and with our limited knowledge, to speak with confidence on the real reasons which have led to the now finally settled retirement of M. STAMBOULOFF from his position in Bulgaria. Neither is it safe to estimate the consequences of that event. The English journalist who is puzzled by the obscurity of public affairs in South-Eastern Europe may console himself by observing that they are obviously not much better understood in Vienna. The retirement or expulsion from office of M. STAMBOULOFF has caused as much surprise in Austria as elsewhere. The comments of the Viennese press do not appear to be illuminative, if they are correctly reported. The observation that the absolute authority of M. STAMBOULOFF might safely have been relaxed, now that "the affairs of the Principality may be said to have subsided into a normal state," which, whether copied from a Viennese source or not, comes from Vienna, even strikes one as particularly inept. What is the normal state of a country which has had practically no independent existence, except under the administration of the politician who is now deprived of power?

The one thing certain about this obscure crisis is that a brand-new South-Eastern State has been deprived of the guidance of the one really capable governor who has been produced in that region of Europe. The character of the Opposition before which he has fallen promises, as far as we can understand it, very ill for the future of Bulgaria. It appears that every element which is likely to be dangerous to a country in such a position has been banded against M. STAMBOULOFF. The army, which may be taken to mean the officers, is displeased with him. The reason assigned is that he lately dismissed the Minister of War for sending him a challenge to fight a duel in pursuit of a quarrel in which a lady may or may not have been concerned. The tit-tattle of such towns as Sofia is endless and spiteful. No attention need be paid to such South-Eastern Society-journalism as this. The unpopularity of M. STAMBOULOFF with the army is, however, apparently beyond dispute. It, and the influence it has been allowed to have, are very bad signs for Bulgaria. If there are two truths which are more clearly

enforced than any others by the universal political experience of mankind, it is that an army is an excellent servant, but a deplorable master, and that an army which has forgotten that its honour is to serve is on the way to become very bad. Bulgaria is not so stable that it can possibly endure *pronunciamientos* and military inefficiency. The students, too, and the Socialists—in other words, the two most anarchical forces on the Continent of Europe—are conspicuous among M. STAMBOULOFF's enemies. It is they who have come to actual blows with his partisans before the Palace. A combination of barrack-room conspirators, boys who have been educated for learned professions for which their country has little or no need, and Socialists can hardly bring the country to any condition more normal than sheer anarchy. It is reported that this league of all the dangerous elements against M. STAMBOULOFF has had the countenance of Prince FERDINAND. If so—and there seems to be plausibility in the story—the Prince must be candidly told that he has given the measure of his political incapacity, and has shown that he has inherited the Orléanist passion for intrigue with the blood of that family. The comparison made between the overturning of M. STAMBOULOFF and the dismissal of Prince BISMARCK is unspeakably silly. If Prince FERDINAND is capable of thinking his position is in the least similar to that of the King of PRUSSIA and EMPEROR in Germany, he must be capable of a degree of unwise conduct which will make his independent career in Bulgaria very short.

It is interesting to note that even portions of the French press, which were by no means friendly to M. STAMBOULOFF, have been disturbed by his fall. They seem to have been suddenly struck by the reflection that such "barbarous" administration as his, is perhaps the only alternative to anarchy in the States of South-Eastern Europe. The further extension of anarchy in that region is not to be contemplated with equanimity, even in view of the increased cordiality between the Emperor of AUSTRIA and the CZAR. The ruler of Russia may prefer to abstain from interference in the Balkan peninsula, but it is doubtful whether he could do so if disorder spread in that region. It is at least plain that one guarantee for the maintenance of peace has disappeared with the fall of a statesman who may have judicially murdered intriguers who would willingly have assassinated him, and who may have flogged political opponents in prison—an act quite consistent with the customs of his people—but who at least kept his country solvent and orderly, and pursued a rational line of conduct in his relations to the SULTAN.

THE METAPHYSICAL BUDGET.

THE House of Commons, in Committee on the Finance Bill, has now reached the most ingenious part of the "ingenious" Budget; and its principal ingenuity has not been found, on examination, to commend it to public acceptance. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT seems now to be relying, with somewhat diminished confidence, on the great doctrine which he so majestically, but—as we took the liberty of remarking at the time—so gratuitously, laid down as the basis of his readjustment of the Death duties. He has had many occasions since then to regret that uncalled-for excursion into the region of crude Socialism; but he can hardly ever before have been so "sorry he spoke" as when Mr. BALFOUR sat down, after the masterly and merciless dissection to which he subjected the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's philosophy last Tuesday night. Sir WILLIAM's view of the relations between "the State" and the property of the deceased citizen has already been criticized freely, and, as we venture to think, to the complete exposure of its ab-

surdity, in these pages; but it has been reserved to the Leader of the Opposition to subject it to the last severity of treatment which a detected fallacy can undergo. He has examined "Historicus's" opinions by the historic method, and given him the *coup de grâce* with a shaft feathered, so to speak, from his own accomplished wing. It was a most brilliant piece of work, and no competent critic can doubt that as a piece of psychological analysis it is not more brilliant than sound. We have only to turn its dry light upon the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's grotesque theory of the universal escheat to the Crown of all the property of its deceased subjects (for the theory is in reality no less extravagant than this), and we are at once as much impressed as Mr. BALFOUR with the high probability that it traces its origin to those pseudo-metaphysical "principles of the law of nature" in which the more viewy order of international jurists were wont to deal so liberally, and which have doubtless survived in Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's mind as a vague reminiscence of his early studies.

It must have been doubly irritating to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to reflect that the proposition which has been so destructively handled in so many quarters was absolutely unnecessary to his case as a Finance Minister inviting the assent of the House of Commons to the variation of an existing tax. He was reminded at the time that he might just as reasonably have invoked the same doctrine by way of justification for adding another penny to the Income-tax; and he must have felt as he listened to Mr. COURTNEY's singular speech that the observation was just. As the only supporter whom he has won from the ranks of his opponents, Mr. COURTNEY should have been welcomed by him with open arms; but he may well have looked askance at an advocate so maladroit as to drag graduated Income-tax into a discussion of graduated Death duty. Whether his conclusion or his premisses were the more doubtful, it were hard to determine. That the latter, however, were the more fantastic in appearance few will deny. His theory, indeed, that the deceased citizen is "in 'arrears'" to the State for the graduated Income-tax which ought to have been collected from him in his lifetime, and would have been but for the practical difficulty of doing so; and that the State, therefore, is justified in satisfying its unpaid claim out of the *corpus* of his estate in the name of graduated Death duty, runs Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's great doctrine very close for the Absurdity Stakes. It was effectively disposed of in a few sentences of good-humoured ridicule by Mr. BALFOUR; and, indeed, its liability to the obvious answer that, on Mr. COURTNEY's principle, a large property enjoyed for a few years would pay less Estate duty than a smaller property enjoyed for many years, makes it rather an "awful example" of the ludicrous practical blunders into which the doctrinaire intelligence is apt to stumble. Æsop's philosopher struggling in the well with his eyes fixed on the stars has never been more picturesquely represented than he was in Mr. COURTNEY's unlucky contribution to Tuesday's debate.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, however, has fared even worse over questions of detail than in the discussion of first principles. The criticisms which have been levelled at the proposed plan of taxation have proved the more damaging from the fact that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER seems to have been wholly unprepared for them. His offhand treatment of Clause 12, which he seemed to regard as a provision that should be retained in the Bill or omitted from it according to whichever course more favoured the principle of taxing the *corpus* of the estate, shows how imperfectly he has thought out his own measure. Apparently he does not see that the presence or absence of that clause will

in this respect make just no difference at all. If the clause remains in the Bill, one set of successors of a millionaire will, whether rich or poor, and whatever the value of their succession, be taxed at a higher rate than other people because of having succeeded to a millionaire. If the clause is omitted, another successor of a millionaire—to wit, his residuary legatee—will be taxed at a higher rate than other people for succeeding to a millionaire, whatever the value of the residue. In neither case will the estate, as such, be taxed; nor—though the truth does not seem yet to have dawned on the metaphysician in charge of the national finances—is it possible to tax property at all except in the hands of somebody. Sir WILLIAM HAROURT will have to choose between inflicting gross injustice on those who succeed to small portions of rich men's estates and abandoning his pet project of graduation altogether.

GOVERNMENT BUSINESS.

THE figures of the divisions by which the Government carried the resolution giving them the absolute control of the time of the House for the remainder of the Session are sufficient proof that it depends mainly on the Opposition to keep their majority below its normal level. Mr. GOSCHEN's amendment, which limited the period during which this absolute control shall last only till the Finance Bill has been passed, was defeated by 25 votes. On the main question the Government had a majority of only 17. The figures are at least evidence that its strength is not increasing, and that the Opposition is not slackening its resistance, both facts which it is eminently desirable to prove as often and as fully as possible.

What the Cabinet has gained by this magnificent majority is, however, nothing less than the absolute control of the time of the House; and it has, moreover, been won without any equivalent from Ministers in the shape of security as to what they propose to do with the time, or any promise, even an implied one, that they will not attempt to prolong the Session—according to recent precedent—into next year. It may be added that Ministers have equally avoided showing that they have not deliberately wasted time by unnecessary delay in bringing in their Resolution. Indeed, on their own showing, this is precisely what they have done. Sir WILLIAM HAROURT denied explicitly that the Government had refrained from making their demand until after next Wednesday in the hope that the Repeal of the Crimes Act Bill might be carried on another stage. But in that case there was absolutely no reason why the Resolution should not have been moved on Monday. The Cabinet's need for the control of the time of the House was as obvious then as it is now, and the reasons for granting it were no less cogent. Sir WILLIAM HAROURT's excuse, that he desired to see what progress the House would make in Committee on the Budget Bill, is one which he can hardly expect to be taken except as Parliamentary in the most extreme sense of the word. The day which was spent in giving Mr. HEALY an opportunity to talk out the Cruelty to Children Bill has, therefore, been doubly wasted. The progress of business has been delayed for no intelligible reason, and Mr. HEALY has had a chance to execute a manœuvre which is rather exceptionally spiteful and ignoble even for him.

The candour with which Sir WILLIAM HAROURT compared his position to the well-known dilemma of Captain MACHEATH ought, perhaps, partially to disarm criticism. But unluckily this candour is, according to a practice common enough with old Parliamentary hands, very limited. It was all very well for Captain Sir WILLIAM MACHEATH to assert he could be

happy with either; but he did not tell us that he had been giving POLLY private assurances which were incompatible with his engagements to LUCY, and making LUCY promises which were hardly likely to meet the approval of POLLY. In such cases the charmers are commonly found to spoil the interested reticence of the Captain, and they did on Thursday night. The Labour members made no secret of their private knowledge that the Government had given them satisfactory guarantees as to the Eight Hours Bill for miners, while the Anti-Parnellites took the convenience of Committee Room 15 to reveal the secret that they had received adequate promises as to the Evicted Tenants Bill. We express no opinion as to the value of these guarantees and promises. The Captain's security is notoriously bad. But it may be taken as pretty certain that Sir WILLIAM has given information in private to Nationalist or Labour members which he will not give to the House. No promises have been made to the Welsh—or, if they have, Sir G. OSBORNE MORGAN has a faculty for private theatricals for which we should hardly have given him credit. He whined exactly as we should have expected him to do if he had been promised nothing, and just after he had been constrained to listen to Mr. REDMOND saying, as quite a matter of course, that the grievances of Wales are so trifling that she can perfectly well wait till Ireland is satisfied. Perhaps, if Sir GEORGE consulted Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, they might between them hit upon a way of modifying the views of the Cabinet. If success met their efforts—and we see no reason why it should not—they, too, might let the cat out of the bag, and so, little by little, the House and the country would obtain some information on the points which Ministers at present prefer to keep dark—namely, what Bills they do seriously intend to attempt to pass in this Session, and how long they intend "this Session" to be prolonged. As it stands, the whole Newcastle Programme is, so to speak, in the air, and there are rumours of an Autumn Session in the Lobby, while Ministers are endowed with complete control over the time of the House, and have given no guarantee as to the nature of their own proposed demands.

ORCHIDS AT THE TEMPLE.

NOT a few of those whose admiration for orchids is enlarged by knowledge entered the Temple Garden on Wednesday week with melancholy forebodings. They feared that the great amateurs at least would decline to expose their best on such a doleful morning. So much the keener was the delight of those timid persons when they came in view of the long central stand on which Baron Schröder and Sir Trevor Lawrence, Messrs. Sander and Cypher, and others of renown are used to set out their treasures. In the very brief glance allowed before an enthusiastic multitude came crowding in—that is the best station for beholding Royalties with comfort, you know—most of the experienced declared that the scene was never so brilliant nor so well "stage-managed." And the show of rarities was at least as fine as on any occasion preceding. To begin with the amateurs. Mr. A. H. Smeet contributed many charming specimens and some curiosities such as he loves. Those who did not see *Bulbophyllum saurocephalum* when Mr. O'Brien took a Botanical Certificate for it a month ago had another opportunity. This strange orchid has an efflorescence very like sticks of chocolate, with knobs protruding here and there. Most conspicuous on Baron Schröder's stand was the great basket of *Celegyne Dayana*, which *habitués* have watched growing year by year at these exhibitions. To count the garlands which hang from it now is curiously puzzling; for the blend of hues—buff, white, and brownish-black—seems to dazzle the eye; but a notice has been kindly inserted, and we learn that the number of flower-spikes is twenty-six, carrying nine hundred and thirty blooms. This conveys some sort of notion, but the finished grace of *Celegyne Dayana* is not to

be described. He who would know the utmost beauty that can be framed from a combination of black and white should keep this flower before him. Baron Schröder's famous *Odontoglossa* were admirably represented. One would say confidently that for vigour of growth and luscious substance of flower they could not be surpassed had not Mrs. Baker, of Wimbledon, sent an *Odontoglossum crispum* still more superb. That lady, indeed, contributes but a single plant, whilst the Baron has scores here and thousands as fine at home; but Mrs. Baker's is an exhibition in itself. It has five noble spikes springing from a cluster of great bulbs without spot or blemish, representing many years of admirable care and skill, and never a check in that time. She well deserves her certificate of "Cultural commendation." Among the First-class Certificates granted to Baron Schröder was one for *Od. crisp. excellens*, with white petals softly outlined in gamboge and blotted with red; *Od. crisp. Wolstenholmei*, with great splashes of misty red, and graceful dots of the same around them; *Od. crisp. Rex, rosy*, with a single spot of red-brown on sepal and petal; and *Od. Andersonii superbum*. Lord Rothschild sent none of his heavenly *Vanda teres* this year, but Baron Schröder offered a worthy substitute; the combination of rose, white, and cinnamon in these flowers is too tender for human imagining. A very lovely *Od. polyanthum* was here, not staring in colour as is usual; the greenish-gamboge petals mottled with chocolate are furled softly back. *Phalaenopsis John Seden* is one of that great hybridiser's happiest successes, rosy white, speckled all over with pin-points of red. Baron Schröder made room for some plants of *Calla Elliottiana* among his orchids. We hear but little now of this species, which caused such excitement a few years ago; but its white spotted leaves and clear yellow cups are decidedly pleasing.

Sir Trevor Lawrence's came next. We missed the fine pots of *Masdevallia* which visitors are used to look for upon his stand; perhaps the abnormal season brought them out too soon. The *Bulbophyllum barbigerum* was there; but it made no sensation this time. Hardly could one set its restless "beards" awry by blowing at them. It would be a pity if this very graceful and most interesting orchid were lost to the Temple show. Those who have watched its pretty ceaseless movements hope to watch it again year by year. There is one at Kew, but the species, though very common in West Africa, must always be difficult to import. Sir Trevor Lawrence showed another curiosity, which has also the charm of beauty, in *Staurois Massaiana*, apparently of very close kin to the *Vandas*. Its greenish flowers are speckled all over with bright crimson dots, and the tip of the column in the centre actually sparkles like a ruby. The Duke of Northumberland had a gay and pleasing group in the next stand; some *nepenthes* in it, excellently grown, represented a most striking genus which, we fear, has dropped out of fashion. First to catch the eye among Messrs. Sander's marvels was a bed of *Oncidium ampliatum majus*—a single plant, but a spreading wilderness of flowers. A very brief attempt to count the spikes satisfied the incredulous that five thousand, the number declared, was no extravagant computation of the blooms. And each of them is an inch or more in diameter, of purest gold, with just a touch of cinnamon in the middle; the pale underside of the flower constantly displays itself with the happiest effect. We see here, in reality, such a vast and glowing nosegay as painters try to suggest in their views of fairy-land. At the back stood a row of *Thunia Marshalliana*, lovely in their pure sea-green foliage, but crowned with a drooping cluster of flowers beautiful beyond fancy. They are great snow-bells, with open mouth gold-lined, striped with sienna, and prettily furred with white hairs. Among them were some of the new *Th. Brymeriana* from the Andamans—porcelain white, the edges of the lip neatly rolled backwards, and closely striped with crimson on a white and gold ground. Below was *Onc. phymatoclyllum*, a thicket of tender sprays, bearing flowers innumerable which some think as dainty as any found on earth, and all admire. Masses of *Od. vexillarium* succeeded—the scrupulous call it a *Miltonia* nowadays. Messrs. Sander had made a choice of the finest, as usual, amongst the myriads they have blooming at this season, and every one shown, of course, was a prize. They varied in colour from dark rose throughout to pure white, every step marked, as we may say, between those extremes. The close of the exhibition, the glory of the year, was *Cypripedium callosum Sanderi*. This astonishing sport

"turned up" some months ago in a consignment of the ordinary *Cyp. callosum* from Cochin China, exactly as did the priceless *Cyp. insigne* Sanderi in a consignment from India of that species. No comparison can properly be made between the two, but upon the simple question of taste it may be observed that the beauty of this new wonder is far more elaborated and more intelligent than that of its famous rival. *Cyp. call. Sanderi* is green instead of yellow. Though the upper dorsal has a clear white ground, it is most elegantly striped with green. Green also is the pouch and the upper length of the petals, though they fade to white at the tip, whilst the lower length is white, striped with green. It is not too much to say that a plant so rare and strange, and at the same time so lovely, was never seen before in this renowned tent. It received a First-Class Certificate, of course. Next in importance was *Phajus Owenianus*, a hybrid of special note, uniting the Indian species *Ph. Owenie* with the Madagascar *Ph. Humboldtii*. Its dusky red colour strikes the eye among so many hues brighter but not more charming; the very wide mouth is lined with dull gold. Astonishing it is to hear that this handsome plant is but just three years old. Twice as old is the hybrid of *Laelia anceps* with *Cattleya Wagneri*, which botanic experts regard with no less interest. In leaf and flower and bulb it shows the influence of both parents unmistakably, but the *Laelia* predominates in its china-white bloom with softly purple mouth; we notice the cut on either side which distinguishes *Laelia anceps*. Both these grand things receive the Award of Merit. Six years old, also, is the *Laelio-Cattleya Phebe*, offspring of *Cat. Mossiae* and *Laelia cinnabarinum*—lemon-orange, with fiery-red splashes on the lip. Not longer ago than the Orchid Conference, to bring a *Laelia* or *Cattleya* to bloom in six years would have been thought a miracle; but those days are far behind already. Last season Messrs. Sander showed a *Cattleya* flowering in its fourth year—but that is scarcely to be hoped. On Wednesday, however, Mr. Cookson, of Wylam—the greatest of hybridisers at this day, though an amateur—was carrying round, for the delight of those worthy to see, a little basket of *Dendrobium*, over which had been shaken, only nine weeks before, the seeds of *D. Dalhousianum* crossed with *D. Brymerianum*; and with amaze which coherent words could not express in some instances, those experts saw healthy little plants, each with its pair of leaves, among the moss! After this, what is impossible with orchids? Returning to Messrs. Sander's wondrous collection, we should note that Awards of Merit or First-Class Certificates were granted, besides those named, to *Od. crisp. Massangeanum*, *Laelio-Cattleya Aylngii*, representing *L. purpurata* \times *Cat. Mossiae*, *Cat. Mendelii picta*, and a wonderful variety of *Cattleya Mossiae*. These and many others we should have liked to treat at length, especially the white *Cattleyas* of divers species which were scattered up and down with a freedom suggesting boundless resources. Messrs. Sander could make the show for themselves, and conscientious critics, who have but small space to deal with many exhibitors, heartily wish they would.

Mr. C. Walker, of Winchmore, displayed the exquisite *Schomburgkia tibicinis*, so very rarely seen in flower, or indeed in growth; we have not yet begun to understand this common weed of Central America. Its pink bells reticulated divinely with purple-red, and frilled, as it were, by the petals and sepals hanging about them, are not to be described in brief. Mr. C. Walker merited his Botanical Certificate, and also the Award of Merit won for him by *Onc. Marshallianum superbum*, a noble specimen indeed. Messrs. Cypher displayed their usual assortment of *Laelia purpurata*, which certainly could not be beaten. Messrs. B. S. Williams, besides many good plants, sent *Celegyne pandurata*—the most audacious yet the most fresh and dainty combination of pea-green and velvet black even among orchids, but too rarely beheld by white men; also *Bollea Patinii*, rarely beheld also, and much talked about, but, if Messrs. Williams's specimen be a fine example, not by those who have seen it. Mr. G. Hardy took a Silver Cup for his prodigious mass of *Cattleya Mossiae*. Of Mrs. Baker's perfect *Odontoglossum crispum* we have spoken already. Mr. Charles Young received an Award of Merit for a very finely spotted *Od. Andersonianum*, as it was described—an error somehow. Mr. Welbore Ellis sent a charming collection, among it a number of his famous *Odontoglossum crispum*, admirable at all points. Several Belgian growers, MM. Hye, Linden, A. A. Peters, forwarded most excellent examples of their skill;

M. Hye's Od. Vuystekianum, large, pale gold, mottled with darker gold, most fascinating in its charms, took a First-Class Certificate. M. Peters's Od. crispum, dabbled with pale red, had no English superiors. M. Linden's palms and rare plants were most interesting.

RACING.

DOES peeping at the end of the third volume of a novel spoil the interest of reading it? Those who think that it has this effect will probably consider such a race as the Newmarket Stakes, and such a quasi-public trial as that of Bullingdon, on the same principle equally prejudicial to the interests of the Derby. On the other hand, novels are occasionally so contrived that peepers fail to discover the real issue of the story by a glance at the last few pages; nor do backers invariably find that previous displays of either public or private form afford an infallible guide to the result of the Derby.

It was the common opinion that the field for the Two Thousand contained more good-looking horses than any other of late years—a highly satisfactory fact, especially when it is remembered that almost as much might be said of the field for the One Thousand. As to the race for the Two Thousand, everybody knows that Ladas was simply cantering for about six furlongs, that he had to be shaken up and pressed a little when challenged by Matchbox, and that he won cleverly by a length and a half with what looked like some 6 lbs. or 7 lbs. in hand. It is pretty generally agreed that his fore-fetlocks are not perfect, and there remains the enlargement on his off hock, the result of a sprain more than three months ago; beyond this, no respectable horse-critic is profane enough to find a single fault with him. Whatever may happen in the future, he has already proved a very valuable racehorse, having won more than 13,000*l.* in stakes in less than twelve months. In appearance this beautiful bay colt is a horse of which his owner may well feel proud. The very refinement of horse-flesh, his carriage is most graceful, his action is marvellous, and he has plenty of size and power. Lord Alington's bay colt, Matchbox, who ran second to him for the Two Thousand, is also remarkably good-looking. Like Ladas, he has both size and power; but he has not quite the quality of his rival; his shoulders are just a trifle heavy, and, in the opinion of some critics, his loins and second thighs are a little light, while no one can fairly deny that he is an ungainly walker; but in his gallop his stride is enormous, and he ran like a game stayer for the Two Thousand. Take him all in all, a finer colt is seldom seen. We may also notice the third in the Two Thousand, Sir J. B. Maple's Athlone, another big bay colt, with great depth of girth, but very indifferent forelegs, as well as the fourth in the same race, who afterwards ran second to Ladas for the Newmarket Stakes—namely, Mr. Douglas Baird's very attractive brown colt, St. Florian, who combines more size with good shape than is usually found in St. Simons; some good judges do not like his action in his gallop, which they consider laboured, and others fancy that on the day of the Two Thousand he was not quite fit. Two other big, powerful colts ran for the Two Thousand in Hornbeam and St. Hilaire; but perhaps they are scarcely of so high a class as those already described.

Among the three-year-olds that have not been out this season is Sir W. Throckmorton's chestnut colt, Arcano. Here we come down in height, if not in size, as he only stands about fifteen hands one inch and a half; but he is lengthy, wide, powerful, and short in the leg. A report that he was beaten in a trial with Avington on Monday last had the effect of sending him down in the Derby betting, and he was scratched for that race on Tuesday last, greatly to the credit of his owner. Another three-year-old that has not run in public this spring is the Duke of Westminster's bay colt, Bullingdon, who is also lower than some of his contemporaries, his height being about fifteen hands two inches and a half. Whatever growth he may have made in other respects, this colt has not increased much in stature since last autumn. On the same day that Arcano was beaten, Bullingdon is said to have won a trial with Grey Leg, the winner of the City and Suburban Handicap. Lord Cadogan's chestnut colt, Stowmarket, showed very second-rate form as a two-year-old; but he won two good races last month at Newmarket—the Hastings Plate and

the Payne Stakes—and, after winning the latter, he was heavily backed for the Derby. By some excellent judges he is as much admired as any three-year-old in training, and there is no saying how dangerous a good-looking and much-improved three-year-old, that shows nothing but winning form in the spring, may not turn out to be.

The Duke of Portland's extraordinary luck has not deserted him. As much as 12 to 1 was laid against his beautiful bay St. Simon filly, Amiable, for the One Thousand; yet she won it, and easily too, by three lengths, in spite of having, perhaps, the most pronounced stringhalt that ever disfigured the walk of a racehorse of celebrity. In this race the Duchess of Montrose's Jocasta, by the same sire, did not run up to her two-year-old form; but the Duchess's beautiful and powerful little Isonomy filly, Mecca, ran third.

Turning to the two-year-olds, two hitherto unbeaten fillies have suffered defeat during May: Sir J. Miller's La Sagesse was beaten for the Whitsuntide Plate at Manchester, when giving weight to her conquerors, but at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting she gained her fifth victory in the Breeders' Plate, which she won easily from a big white-faced chestnut colt called Diplomat, belonging to Mr. C. J. Merry; and Ella Tweed was beaten, for the first time, for the John o' Gaunt Plate at Manchester; it is true that she was carrying a penalty; but this was not enough to account for her running absolutely last in the race. McNeil's extra weight was too great for him in the Inauguration Plate at Lingfield, and excuses were made on the ground that he had lately been troubled with a slight lameness. He was again beaten at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, for the Exning Plate, when giving away weight.

We have, of course, been introduced to several new two-year-old winners. The valuable Royal Plate of 2,660*l.* at Kempton was won by Mr. A. W. Cox's Choice, a bright bay filly with splendid action, that was running in public for the first time. Three of her fourteen opponents were penalized; but she won her race in a style which left nothing to be desired. Mr. Dobell's chestnut colt, Whistler, said by some people to be a roarer, beat Dr. Talmage, a winner at Chester, by three lengths, for the John o' Gaunt Plate at Manchester, for which, as we have already said, Ella Tweed ran last. Extra weight, however, threw him into the background for the Whitsuntide Plate three days later. This Whitsuntide Plate of 3,883*l.* was won by a newcomer named Hopbine, a well-shaped son of the Royal Hunt Cup winner, Despair, whose memory is odious to countless backers. Hopbine's next performance—which may be at Ascot, where he is engaged for the New Stakes—will be watched with very great interest. Another winner at his first attempt, and of an almost similar sum, was a big Irish colt called Portmarnock, by Gallinule, who won the Breeders' Foal Stakes at the same meeting from a field of eight by five lengths. Unfortunately this promising colt has no other engagements at present in England. Mr. Rose's colt by Gulliver out of Monotony, which had run La Sagesse to half a length on a previous occasion, won the Exning Plate at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting by a length and a half at 10 lbs. from McNeil; and this looked like useful form, if not of a very high class. Certain judges, however, consider him rather coarse about the neck, and too straight on his hindlegs. At the same meeting J. Cannon brought out a pretty filly that won her first race in the Somerville Stakes of 785*l.* Her name is Ariette, and she is by Ayrshire, whose stock are promising very well at present. She is just the sort of wiry, active filly to win plenty of races; although she has scarcely the size or the power to be likely to make a racehorse of the highest class. For all that, when we consider how much small and mean-looking fillies by St. Simon have accomplished, we hesitate to set a limit upon the prospective victories of any small filly. Mr. Low's highly bred Garter Queen, a filly by Bend Or out of Braw Lass, also won her first race, the Lingfield Inauguration Plate of 830*l.*; and yet another winner of a valuable race at his first attempt was Mr. W. Cooper's Kirkconel, a beautiful bay colt by Royal Hampton, which won the Bedford Two-year-old Plate at Newmarket by three lengths from a nice filly named Galeottia, that had run second also for the Whitsuntide Plate. One of the largest two-year-old fields of the season was that of twenty-one for the Maiden Plate at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting. Slow Step, a big and strong, if rather slackly built, black colt by Barcaldine, and a 20 to 1 outsider, won this, his first race;

but as it was only by a head from Jewitt's Freak, at 7 lbs., the honours of the race rested with the latter, who had won the only other race for which he had started, the Hartington Maiden Plate at Manchester. In reviewing all this new two-year-old winning-form, it is difficult to write in a spirit of prophecy; and the wisest course may be to advise that it should be retained in the memory, as a basis for calculations as the two-year-old running develops itself at Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, and other important meetings in the near future.

The handicap form during the past month was of great interest. Sir W. Throckmorton won the Jubilee Stakes with a horse which had shown a special liking for the course over which it is contested. His four-year-old Melton colt, Avington, won the City of London Breeders' Foal Stakes over the Kempton course last August and the Duke of York Handicap in October, and by adding the Jubilee Stakes to it last month, he made a total of 6,480*l.* in stakes in three races on the same arena. His victory by three lengths over Prisoner at about even weights should give him very high rank among the "milers." The Lingfield Handicap was a remarkably skilful one, the three leading horses finishing within half a length of each other, after a desperate race, Sir J. B. Maple's Macready, who had been expected to win a good race ever since he ran third for the Lincolnshire Handicap, beating Pot Luck by a neck, and Molly Morgan only losing second place by a head. We may take this opportunity of saying that the inauguration of flat-racing at Lingfield was in every way a great success, and that it did much credit to Mr. R. K. Mainwaring's management, handicapping, and energy. At Manchester, in the Stamford Welter Handicap, a very unusual event took place—a dead heat for first place and a dead heat for second also, while only a head divided the two leading pairs. There was a remarkably fine race, again, for the Manchester Cup, especially when the length of the course is considered, Shancrotha, the winner of this race last year, running a dead heat with Red Ensign, the winner of the Prince of Wales's Stakes last season at Ascot, Progression being only a neck behind them, and Kilsallaghan but a head behind Progression. If, however, there be any truth in the stories of the bumping which took place in the course of the race, fine as was the finish, the form shown may possibly not be correct. Very pretty handicapping was seen at Kempton, again, when Best Man and Court Ball ran a dead heat for the Queen's Prize, with 46 lbs., or 29 lbs. more than weight-for-age, between them. Lord Penrhyn's Quesitum, the winner of the Chester Cup, was made a strong favourite for the Great Northern Handicap this week; but he ran fourth only, the race being won by Weltondale, a three-year-old with a very remarkable pedigree, Stockwell being his great-great-grandfather no less than four times, while another of his great-great-grandfathers, Rataplan, was Stockwell's own brother. The sudden and mysterious death of General Owen Williams's well-known horse, Pensioner, has given rise to much comment, and the proceedings of the Anti-Gambling League are causing some little uneasiness among both backers and fielders.

THE FEMALE BACHELOR.

OUR fathers knew nothing of her. In the old old days, she who would have become one under favouring conditions went into a nunnery; later on, she looked after her sister's children, or became an erudite maiden lady much rejoicing in the conversation of sober men of learning. If she was forced to earn her own living, she was a governess or companion—the primmest of the prim, and the furthest of all on earth from the Female Bachelor who is now so frequent.

The female bachelor has a latchkey; that is an essential. She lives alone or shares rooms with a "chum," and she goes everywhere and at any time unchaperoned. Sometimes she has money of her own, and has only taken up with the new way of life owing to the backwardness of men and the absence of appreciation at home; maybe she has a mother who is not so "advanced" as she, or a sister who is more attractive. The latter cause has driven many an elderly girl into female bachelordom. She develops a "mission," does a little public speaking, and is honorary secretary to something or other—for preference, something which has to do with the "Woman Problem," and

the discussion of it in mixed company. Her friends have put up with it as best they can; but there is nothing particularly interesting about her to the rest of us. She laboriously wastes her life in elaborately worked-out unfemininity, and occasionally marries a professional philanthropist, who suffers for the sake of what he can do with her money.

With the poorer kind it is different. The fairly well-educated daughter of indigent parents often takes the first steps towards female bachelordom without knowing whither they tend. An editor has generally to answer for her earliest deviations from the straight and narrow path. He prints some little twaddle of hers, and she proceeds to bombard him and his fellows, with unremitting industry, day and night. Perhaps three out of thirty chance contributions get into print before she discovers that fashion reports and descriptive "pars" are hers to write, if only she can get the opportunity of writing them. There is a living to be earned by this; but it has to be attended to assiduously and worked at manfully. She slips into it gradually, and claims a man's "freedom"—which, indeed, is more or less a necessity of her unprepossessing calling—about the time when she finds she is doing the work of the humbler kind of hack male journalist for about half his pay. She wants to come in and go out when she likes—or when her employers like—without having to account for her proceedings; and, indeed, it would be hard to deny her right to do so. She sees no reason why she should not get such solace as comes her way; so she does not hesitate to go to the pit of a theatre with some brother of the craft whom her parents know not. She will not always spurn a music-hall. She smokes a cigarette after the day's toil is over (for no woman can smoke sensibly like a man over her work), and she comforts herself for the many unpleasantnesses of her surroundings by pretending to think that she is "living her own life." To do so more effectively, she talks eagerly on subjects that used not to form any part of conversation in which women joined. She is strong on the rights of a woman to be and do anything she chooses, and her conversation is apt to be a little embarrassing to old-fashioned men. But she is far from meaning any harm by it.

Society not having made up its mind to accept the working female bachelor, she gets no ladylike dissipation. She goes to many fine "functions" and gorgeous dwellings to "do" the dresses; but she is only there on sufferance. The servants regard her as a "young person," and their betters are a little afraid of her. Besides, they are not quite sure that she is not a rather improper young woman. "Nice" mammas in slightly lower circles cannot countenance her or permit their daughters to associate with her; manners are contagious, and the female bachelor lets her men friends visit her at her rooms. Yet her morals are the conventional ones, and she gets no particular excitement or forbidden joy out of her defiance of the ordinary rules which regulate the conduct of well-bred women.

She is not content with her life after the first novelty of "emancipation" has worn off. She realizes that she gets all the discomforts of male bachelordom much multiplied, and none of its alleviations. The world of business regards her as a woman, and allows her none of the equality of manhood; the world of ease refuses her the privileges of the womanhood she seems to defy. It is natural enough, but it is unfortunate. Every day makes it more difficult than ever for a considerable portion of our middle-class women to marry, and every circumstance tends to make the young spinster less inclined to bear patiently the drudgery and *ennui* of the few respectable employments open to her. The demand for journalistic hack-work, on the other hand, grows daily greater, and women do it better and cheaper than men. There is room for any number of them to make a bare living at it, it seems; and the chances are that, in spite of its hardships, the woman who cannot be entirely idle will continue to press into it. The life is hardly brilliant, when all is said; and the temptations to make it more endurable by whatever means must sometimes be almost overpowering. Women get very little by merely taking upon themselves to imitate certain of men's ways; and the female bachelor, after finding that even to join a club is not deliriously exhilarating, discovers this. Just at present she is making rather good "copy" on the subject in the journals; the next generation may find that she has gone a good deal beyond this. It does not seem very unlikely that she will seek to level, as far as she can,

all distinctions between herself and her masculine counterpart; she will cease her clamours about the male standard of morality, and adopt it for her own use. This is not an agreeable prospect.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE high prices of what are considered first-class securities in all the great European markets are remarkable at the present time. On Tuesday, for example, Consols were at one time quoted 101 $\frac{1}{2}$. In a few years, it will be recollected, the interest will automatically fall to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and yet they were 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ over par. The Two and a Half per Cents were quoted 100 $\frac{1}{2}$. Indian Sterling Three and a Half per Cents were quoted 109 $\frac{1}{4}$. Indian Sterling Threes were at par; the New South Wales Four per Cents were 109 $\frac{1}{4}$; the Three and a Half per Cents were 99; New Zealand Four per Cents were 109 $\frac{1}{2}$; and the Three and a Half per Cents 102. Canadian Three and a Half per Cents were 103 $\frac{1}{2}$; Natal Three and a Halfs were 100 $\frac{1}{2}$; Egyptian Unified Four per Cents were 102 $\frac{1}{2}$; Egyptian Three and a Half per Cents were 100 $\frac{1}{2}$. In Paris on the same day Three per Cent. Rentes opened at 101 $\frac{1}{2}$; the Three and a Half per Cents at 107; and Russians at 102. In Vienna, Austrian Four per Cent. Gold Rentes opened at 120 $\frac{1}{2}$; Hungarian Gold Rentes at 120 $\frac{1}{2}$. In Berlin, Prussian Fours opened at 107 $\frac{1}{2}$, and New German Threes at 90 $\frac{1}{2}$. This extraordinary dearness of the securities which are most in favour in the great markets of Europe is evidence both that there is an immense amount of capital waiting for investment, and that the distrust which has prevailed for the past four years has not quite died out yet. There is unquestionably a great improvement. Scares have ceased since the end of the past year; but yet people are rather apprehensive, and unwilling, therefore, to invest in anything which is at all doubtful. At the same time, the buying of the best securities which has been going on upon such a scale for six months or so proves beyond question that there is a revival of confidence, and that the investing public have grown tired of keeping their money idle. Capital has accumulated in such immense masses in all the great banking centres that the banks are unable to employ their funds at good rates. Consequently, they are obliged to lower the allowances they make upon deposits, and the public therefore are withdrawing their deposits and investing. This is what always happens after a great crisis. The public learns caution. It is very careful how it invests for a while, and therefore it selects only the best securities. But these are limited in supply, and after a while their prices get so high that the public is unwilling to purchase any longer. Then the bolder spirits begin to buy securities which are not considered quite so safe. Here at home this buying of what may be called second-class securities has been going on for several months. The ordinary stocks of British railways, for example, are almost as high in proportion as the very best securities; and that proves that the bolder investors, dissatisfied with the return yielded by the very best stocks, are turning to stocks not quite so good, but which yet are safe. When this second class of securities becomes too high in the estimation of the market, securities of a lower class—or, at all events, securities which the public do not look upon as equally safe—will be bought; and so the buying will extend to more and more risky securities, until at last speculation is stimulated. Further, there will be an encouragement to new enterprise. Before there is very much speculation it is certain that new loans and new Companies will be brought out to meet the demand of that portion of the investing public which is dissatisfied with the return yielded by good securities now existing. It is well known that a very large number of new enterprises are prepared; but even yet the public is not willing to subscribe largely. Therefore, the new issues are held back. Probably the chief deterrent is the condition of the United States and India. If people could be sure that the Indian currency question would be solved without serious inconvenience to the Government, and that the United States would emerge from its crisis without a further shock to credit, they would be glad to invest in promising new securities. But as long as the public are uncertain of what will happen in India and in the United States, they are hardly likely to engage in new risks. At all events, it is certain that the new issues brought out in London hitherto this year have not

been very successful. And it is also certain that the issuing houses are keeping back both loans and Companies which are known to have been prepared for some time. Unless, however, there is some new cause of uneasiness, it is reasonably certain that the public will gain courage as each week passes. The amount of money that is waiting for investment is so large that before very long the prices of even third- and fourth-class securities must advance; and when that happens the opportunity will have arrived for the success of new issues.

Gold amounting to 1,387,000*l.* was received by the Bank of England during the week ended Wednesday night, raising the stock of the metal to 36,042,880*l.*, or the highest amount ever held by the Bank. And very large amounts are still on the way. As a matter of course, rates of discount and for money are falling, and are likely to continue very low all through the year. The metal is being exported in considerable quantities from India, in addition to all that is coming from South Africa, Australia, the United States, and elsewhere.

The India Council has again been very successful this week in selling its drafts. It offered for tender on Wednesday 50 lakhs of rupees, and disposed of the whole amount at 18. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per rupee. Subsequently it sold 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ lakhs by special contract at rates ranging from 18. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 18. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per rupee. The increased demand is partly due to the large exports of gold from India, and very considerable purchases of Rupee-paper in London for India. If the exports of gold are as large as seems to be now expected in Bombay, the Council will be able to sell freely even during the slack season. Otherwise, it is reasonable to expect that the demand will very soon now begin to fall off. The price of silver fell on Thursday to 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz. There is little demand for India, and not much for China.

The unprecedented cheapness of commodities is causing serious difficulties in many of the great manufacturing centres. A couple of failures have occurred in Bradford, and several other houses are embarrassed, though it is reported that they have been able to make arrangements. A fresh failure of considerable magnitude has occurred in Belfast. There are serious difficulties, likewise, in Dundee; and there has been a good deal of talk of troubles in Glasgow. Lancashire manufacturers, too, are complaining that for some months past, owing to the fall in the Indian exchanges, orders for manufactured goods have almost ceased, and that in a few weeks now they will have completed all the orders on their books. The fall in prices is a natural consequence of the crisis through which the world has been passing for the past four years. It is aggravated just now by the currency troubles in India, and by the decrease in the imports into the United States. It has been pointed out frequently in this column that our exports to the United States for seven or eight months now have been almost unprecedentedly small. During March and April, for example, they were less than half the value of what they had been in the corresponding months of last year. Naturally this great decline in the foreign demand for our goods has been followed by a ruinous fall in prices. As a matter of course, bankers and discount-houses, knowing all this, are very unwilling to discount the bills of manufacturers and merchants, and the latter therefore find it extremely difficult to carry on their business.

The stagnation on the Stock Exchange continues. The investing public is holding aloof, and even professional operators are doing little. The continued shipments of gold from New York are causing serious apprehensions. The Treasury reserve has now fallen to 78 million dollars—little more than 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling—and the fear is that it will fall so low that alarm will be created. The proper course would be for the Government to borrow. But President Cleveland is naturally unwilling to borrow at the high rates which he must pay under the existing law, and Congress is unwilling to give him power to borrow at lower rates. The delay, too, in passing the Tariff Bill is stopping all business. In Argentina the gold premium at the beginning of the week rose to 331 per cent. In other words, 100 gold dollars exchanged for 431 paper dollars. But on Wednesday the premium declined to 311 per cent. In consequence of this slight decline in the premium, it was reported that the Government had obtained a loan of a million sterling to meet its engagements in London, so that for six months to come it would not require to remit any more money; but to give plausibility to the report it was added that the loan was made on condition that the

guarantees to the railway Companies should be respected. This report may be doubted. On the Continental Bourses business is as slack as here at home, partly due to the general crisis, and partly to political uneasiness. The change in the French Ministry, the *coup d'état* in Servia, and the fall of M. Stambouloff combine to warn all operators to be very careful how they incur fresh risks.

The best securities are all steadily rising. Consols closed on Thursday at 101 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{3}{4}$. The Two and a Half per Cents closed at 100 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; Cape of Good Hope Three and a Halfs closed at 106 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1; New South Wales Three and a Halfs closed at 99 $\frac{1}{2}$, also a rise of 1; Victorian Three and a Halfs closed at 98 $\frac{1}{2}$, likewise a rise of 1; and Queensland Three and a Halfs closed at 97 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. Indian sterling stock has not altered; but Rupee-paper, on large purchases on Indian account, has advanced 1 $\frac{1}{2}$, closing on Thursday at 55 $\frac{1}{2}$. In Home Railway stocks there has likewise been a very marked and general rise. Great Northern Preferred Ordinary closed on Thursday at 115 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; London and Brighton Undivided closed at 168, a rise of 1; London and Chatham Ordinary closed at 16 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{4}$; London and Chatham Preference closed at 107 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of as much as 3 $\frac{1}{2}$; Metropolitan Consolidated stock closed at 86 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; Metropolitan District closed at 32 $\frac{1}{2}$, likewise a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; North Staffordshire closed at 129, a rise of 1; South-Eastern Undivided closed at 124, a rise of 1; South-Eastern "A" closed at 84 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$; Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 108, a rise of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$; and Midland closed at 156 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. The American market has been dull and neglected, the movements for the most part being small and generally downwards. To begin with the purely speculative, Atchison shares closed on Thursday at 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; and Erie shares closed at 13 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$. Coming next to the more speculative bonds, Erie Second Mortgage closed at 73 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. Coming, lastly, to sound dividend-paying shares, Lake Shore closed at 134 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1. In the inter-Bourse department there is very little change worthy of notice; but Chilian Five per Cents closed at 94, a rise of 2; and German Three per Cents closed at 90, a rise of 1.

THE PUZZI-BINI CONCERT.

AT the annual concert of Mlle. Puzzi and Mme. Bini, given on Monday at the St. George's Hall, under the conduct of Signor Bisaccia and Mr. Ganz, an attractive and well-chosen programme—of vocal music chiefly—was provided, such as may be described as at once popular and of varied musical interest. With a company of singers that comprised, among others, Mme. de Fonblanque Campbell, Mme. Alice Gomez, Mme. Denza, Signorina Elvira Gambogi, Mr. Santley, Mr. Maybrick, the large audience present had every reason for enjoyment, from the artistic point of view. The concert opened with a capital rendering of Mr. Randegger's sparkling and cleverly written trio "I Navigatori," by Mme. de Fonblanque Campbell, Signor Caprile, and Signor Bonetti. Admirably sung, also, by Signorina Gambogi and Signor Caprile, was a charming duet from Mascagni's *L'Amico Fritz*. New to us were the beautiful little songs by Chaminade, "Berceuse" and "Amour Captif," sung with exquisite expression, and the feeling and style of an artist, by Mme. de Fonblanque Campbell. The voice and method of this accomplished singer are happily qualified to do full justice to the sentiment and character of these graceful songs. From the *Samson et Dalila* of Saint-Saëns, Mme. Denza sang the air "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix," in good style, but without the passion, or, rather, the simulation of passion, which is required by the dramatic situation. The expression of passion, when passion is demanded, is always at Mr. Santley's command. His rendering of Miss Ellen Wright's fine setting of Burns—the oft-set lyric "My love's like a red rose"—was altogether superb. In a second song by the same composer, who accompanied the singer, Mr. Santley again delighted the audience, and received the inevitable honour of an encore. The like recognition was bestowed upon Mr. Maybrick, whose "Blue-eyed Nancy" was sung with characteristic

spirit, and upon Mlle. Leila for her charming and vivacious singing of Signor Ardit's new waltz, "Day Dawn"—a brilliant composition, given for the first time in England, the opening bars of which are somewhat reminiscent of the composer's extremely popular "Il Bacio." Signor Campanini, also, to an enthusiastic reception of his energetic singing of "Dalla sua pace," from *Don Giovanni*, responded with "Good-bye, Sweetheart." Mlle. Puzzi's charming song "L'Indovina," charmingly sung by Mme. Alice Gomez, Signorina Gambogi's excellent singing of the Jewel Song from *Faust*, and Miss Alice Estey's admirably unaffected rendering of the "Echo Song" of Echert must be mentioned among the notable features of the concert. The instrumentalists were Signor Leopoldo Francia, the mandolinist, who gave in brilliant style the Prelude to *Traviata* and Papini's "Salterello," and Signor Simonetti, who selected, among his own compositions for the violin, a "Berceuse" and a "Mazurka," and acquitted himself with distinction.

LANDSCAPE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IT is rare for English painters of landscape to combine the close observation of nature with dignity and harmony of composition. They are apt to be either naturalists or formalists. It is to the credit of Mr. Alfred East, and it is the source, no doubt, of his steady advance, that he keeps each of these qualities in balance. If we were called upon to instance the best landscape in this year's Royal Academy, we should be tempted to name what is certainly not the most striking, Mr. East's "The Lonely Road" (336), because of its combination of close observance of nature with the most delicate art. A somewhat grossly green landscape of no particular merit, hung directly below this picture, greatly injures its effect—namely, the mystery and almost terror of these winding miles of absolutely empty road under the solemn light which begins to well in a primrose-coloured pool out of the east. The same artist's "A Sunlit Harbour" (364), though interesting and much more effectively hung, is neither so original nor so complete as this remarkable study before sunrise.

The veteran Mr. Hook has been painting for more than half a century, but his brush loses none of its cunning. The glow of foliage in his "Seed-time" (55) is delightful, the few red human figures being mere effective accessories. His "Herring-Packers" (238) in the Large Gallery invites comparison with a fresh and lively landscape hung above it, "Crail" (237), by Mr. Archibald Kay. One feels that, if the younger eye is quicker, the older hand is more accomplished. The other leading Academicians in landscape are, with some exceptions, not at their best this year. It cannot be said of any one of Mr. H. B. W. Davis's compositions that it reaches the level of what he has taught us to look for. Mr. Leader, the favourite of those who regard art inartistically, the Ohnet of the brush, is as good or as bad as usual. It is impossible to say of his large and unflinching "Worcester Cathedral" (371) that it is not effective; it is merely hopelessly superficial. Mr. MacWhirter, on the other hand, has seldom done so much to justify his popularity. His great Swiss landscape, "Flowers of the Alps" (196), is almost beautiful, and is not at all commonplace; where it fails is in relation between the distant ice-peaks and the too-violent foreground of yellow anemones and blue gentian. But that everlasting solitary birch-tree of Mr. MacWhirter's! We really thought that we had escaped from it at last! Yet here it is again, in "Fair Strathspey" (289), as large as ever.

If the spectator can manage to close his eyes to the ill-drawn nudity in Mr. Herkomer's boldly-named "All beautiful in naked purity" (340), he should greatly enjoy the landscape background, a Somersetshire glen, with its amber rivulet, sprays of blossoming crab and steeply mossed incline. This is a study in the manner of Mr. North more learnedly and successfully carried through than either of the contributions this year of that artist himself, whose "Summer Waters" (498) is somewhat turbid and greasy in execution, while his "Mill-Pond" (663) is almost a parody of his own mannerism. The third member of the "Washford School," Mr. R. W. Macbeth, has an "Exmoor Gypsies" (763) and "The Coming Storm" (504), in which the landscape elements are well designed, but not pleasantly illuminated or truthfully coloured. In some relation to these painters stands Mr. John R. Reid, whose work is

always conscientious and original; we know not why he so often sacrifices beauty of tone; his clever farm-subject, "A-hunting we will go" (510), is terribly hard. The "Cloudy June" (14) of Mr. Ernest Waterlow errs in the opposite extreme of mildness and softness.

Mr. Yeend King, without ever passing to the first rank, holds a persistent place in the second; his "The Miller's Daughter" (25) is careful and distinguished. Mr. David Murray is not at his best this year, but his "Dorset Downs" (159), with a church in the fold of the hill, and the line of sea far beyond, is very agreeable. Mrs. Stanhope Forbes has a clever landscape of thin trees, with turkeys strutting among them, as the background to her "At the Edge of the Wood" (265). A very fine sky lights up the gloom of Mr. John Finnie's large and striking composition in "The Vale of Clwyd" (285). Extreme refinement is the note of "The Fringe of the Island" (328), a charming piece by Mr. Charles W. Wyllie. The "Winter Comes" (397), of Mr. T. Hope McLachlan, is noticeable for the effective rendering of the hollow of a starlit sky. In "Sunset after Rain" (417) Mr. Alfred Parsons has been led away by the temptation of painting an extremely gorgeous sky of burnished orange clouds. The result is intolerably garish; but the drawing and colouring of the cabbages and other vegetables in the field below are admirable. A rich and Troyon-like piece of colour is Mr. T. Austin Brown's "Returning from Pasture" (590).

Some landscapes of a more unconventional kind, whether of subject or treatment, may now be mentioned. A dim and solemn effect is vaguely produced by Mr. McLachlan's "Daybreak" (8). Of the architectural landscapes none exceeds Mr. Vincent Yglesias's misty evening effect of "Lincoln" Cathedral (27), seen far up a street of that city just after the lighting of the lamps. Mr. Julius Olsson paints "Weed-burning" (85), spires of blue smoke rising from the shore of a tidal creek, on a windless moonlight evening; this is a delightful example. The somewhat archaic, but careful and highly finished, Italian mountain-landscape at the back of Mr. Poynter's "Horse Serene" (163) deserves particular notice. Also, in a somewhat Italian manner, but reminiscent of Costa rather than of the Old Masters, is Mr. Ridley Corbet's large and poetical "Morning Glory" (300). Exceedingly fantastic, and at first sight not very intelligible, is Mr. Albert Goodwin's "First Christmas Dawn" (385), a vast and visionary Gothic chancel opening from the skies before astonished shepherds on a plain; this canvas is uniformly pale brilliant blue. The influence of Mr. Whistler is not prominent at the Royal Academy this year, but is seen in two "nocturnes" which are hung side by side—"When the Stars are all like Dreams" (597), by Mr. Herbert Dalziel, and "A Calm Night" (508), by Mr. W. E. Norton. Another pleasing canvas by Mr. Dalziel is "A Valley" (782), a luminous impression of evening. Mr. William Stott's "The Faerie Wood" (933) is an exceedingly odd picture, like a piece of tapestry or wall-paper, but not without beauty. The "Autumn Sunshine" (614) of Mr. Arnold Priestman deserves attention.

The Royal Academy is rich this year in excellent and varied seascapes, due, in measure, perhaps, to the prolonged fine weather of last year. Mr. Henry Moore, our popular marine master, sends four highly characteristic examples. Of these, perhaps the most noble, both in conception and execution, is "Summer Breeze in the Channel" (705), a superb study of deep azure waters. Mr. Moore has, we believe, presented this large work to the Academy as his diploma picture. In "Lowestoft Boats running in a Breeze" (177) we have Mr. Henry Moore all silvery and pearly, and in "Outward Bound" (645) he affects a lilac tone, which is doubtless as true, but certainly less beautiful. The manner of Mr. Henry Moore is now so settled, that we are for ever dreading that it may become a mannerism. Some as yet see no signs of such a misfortune. We are unable to say so much of Mr. Brett, whose work is, with a single exception, deplorable this year. In "A Summer Day off the South Bishop" (617), a small canvas, we find the same dainty and sparkling touch that we have been accustomed to admire; but Mr. Brett would have been well advised to withdraw from exhibition his larger canvases of this year. Mr. W. J. Wyllie, who has a province of his own where he reigns secure, seems to be haunted by an unholy desire to emulate Mr. Henry Moore. The terrible thing is that he nearly succeeds, and "The Roaring Forties" (4), with its brilliant cobalt of broken

waters, is hardly to be distinguished from the real thing. But we prefer the Mr. Wyllie whom we have known, and whom we find again in the smoky estuaries of the Thames in "At Eventide there shall be light" (465), and in the amusing collection of yachts and steam-tugs, "Butterflies and Working Bees" (854).

There is danger that others besides Mr. Wyllie should come to look upon the sea with the same eyes as Mr. Moore. We are grateful, therefore, for evidences of purely independent observation of oceanic effects. We find them in the dark and solid tossing sea of Mr. Somerscales's "Fight off Ushant" (266), and in the capital iron-grey waters, green in the broken distance, of Mr. Arnesby Brown's "A Northerly Breeze" (867). The trembling sea, dotted with faint sails, and the hot sky, behind the beautiful figures of Mr. Tuke's "August Blue" (307), are likewise of an admirable originality. An amusing and clever piece of marine foreshortening is Mr. A. Hopkins's "In Tow" (469). Mr. Colin Hunter has now got a trick of excessive sparkle spread over his whole canvas, which detracts somewhat from his agreeable shore-scenes. Mr. Stuart Richardson strikes out something very original in his "Wind and Wave" (243), seen through a lattice of drying nets. Finally, a painter whom we do not expect to find among the landscape artists, Mr. Frank Dicksee, sends a cabinet-piece, "A Summer Sea" (631), of yellow sands and blue promontories, which is very true in effect and of a charming simplicity.

A LESSON FROM COVENT GARDEN.

(Respectfully dedicated to the Court for Consideration of
Crown Cases Reserved.)

YOU may sell a lot of walnuts
(So ten learned judges say)
That you cannot strictly call nuts,
So advanced is their decay,
If you merely
Act sincerely
In a *bond-fide* way.

From your "house" in Covent Garden
You may send the rubbish out,
And the law the act will pardon
(If at least you did not scout
Prohibitions
In provisions
Of the Statute Book), no doubt.

You must tell your retail dealer,
By placard, that some are bad,
Then you need not fear the peeler
Nor the proud inspector clad
For an hour
In petty power
Such as makes the angels sad.

But your grower at Grenoble,
Who despatched this little lot,
Scores of them not worth an obol,
Does he say (for that is what
Exercises
One's surmises)
"I will take another shot ?

"In that mart, 'mid straw and sacking,
Mud and cabbage-stalks, one sees
(Room and time and skill) are lacking
To examine goods like these;
'Those who buy them
They must try them,'
Witness says, and judge agrees.

"Why not, then, repeat the process ?
If I do so long enough
I may find, with duller noses,
Stomachs more than common tough,
Some consumer
In the humour
To consume the putrid stuff."

Thus the growers well may reason,
And, assuming that they do,
They may send us every season,
And indeed the whole year through,
Such consignments
As refinements
Of the law invite them to.

Illustration apt, in fact, is
To be found of such attacks
At St. Stephen's, where—the practice
Growing yearly still more lax,
As each Session
Makes confession—
Rotten stuff arrives by sacks.

And those "brokers," famed and clever,
Now in Ministerial place,
Sell it when they can, but never
Try its quality to trace;
Time, and room too,
'Tis their doom to
Want—as in the walnut case.

No, their work as they imagine it
Is more easily achieved.
"Firm of Primrose & Plantagenet :
Every kind of goods received."
(What I quote is
From the notice
On their shop-front, 'tis believed.)

"Send your trash, where'er begotten,
In what sense soever bad,
Green or 'sleepy,' raw or rotten,
Crudest crotchet, mouldiest fad,
Short hours worker!
Scotch Free Kirker !
Welsh Dissenter ! English Rad !

"We will take it without question,
Push its sale with might and main—
How the strength of Bull's digestion,
Save by trying, ascertain ?
If he smells it
And repels it,
We can only try again."

Thus the Firm : but how much longer
Will their little game be played ?
How much clearer, how much stronger,
Would you have our claim to aid,
Ere the elector,
Our inspector,
Drops upon this shady trade ?

REVIEWS.

THE GREAT ALTERNATIVE.

The Great Alternative: a Plea for a National Policy. By Spencer Wilkinson. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1894.

IT is a fortunate thing, perhaps, for most of us to be unable to see the political situation of our country with equal clearness from its domestic and its foreign side. Assuredly it is no unfortunate thing for Mr. Spencer Wilkinson. For, if with his own views of what it is necessary for England to do to secure her safety and prosperity as a European Power he combined some other people's views of what it is possible for her to do under the existing conditions of her mode of government, the result, we should imagine, would be black despair. Happily—we may call it happily, since any illusion which makes men continue to fight instead of giving up is a blessing—Mr. Wilkinson's conceptions of home politics—which, indeed, he disposes of with such brevity as to show that he cannot have appreciated their malign influence on his whole case—appear to be of the most comfortable and antiquated Whig type. Very amusingly, though with somewhat disastrous consequences for much of the argument which is to follow, does this come out in Mr. Wilkinson's introduction. After pointing out what is undeniably true—that for the last thirteen years our foreign policy has carried out Mr.

Gladstone's great principle of "aiming at peace" by "conceding everything which it was the special duty of the Government to preserve," he goes on to remark, what is equally true, that Conservative Governments are "responsible for their full share" of these achievements, and to explain this, no doubt with much plausibility, by the suggestion that the Conservative party have been "overawed by the tremendous defeat of 1880, which was undoubtedly due to widespread disapproval of the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield." Well, it certainly was not encouraging to receive such a verdict on a foreign policy which, however hesitating and half-hearted in its earlier stages, was latterly directed with singleness of mind and steadiness of purpose to the maintenance of the national interest and honour. But Mr. Wilkinson (we say to ourselves) no doubt means that the nation punished the Conservative Government and party, on that historic occasion, for want of spirit and foresight in the conduct of its foreign affairs, and that thereon he finds his hope for the national future. This, however, is not what Mr. Wilkinson means at all. "Lord Beaconsfield's error, and the cause of the popular indignation, was not," he says, "the inauguration of a foreign policy, but the adoption of a policy which did not, and could not, appeal to the best feelings of Englishmen, and which was presented to the public judgment in a manner unsuited to the temper of the majority of the people." In other words, Mr. Wilkinson, with all his acuteness and information as a critic of foreign policy, is as to his conceptions of domestic politics on the intellectual level of the common or "bag and baggage" Gladstonian of 1876-80.

No doubt he contrived at that time, as did many others like him, to reconcile his Turkophobia with his Jingoism; and as he has ever since apparently kept his eye upon foreign affairs, to the comparative neglect of what has been passing at home, the crude polemics of eighteen years ago are made to serve without examination to-day. How well, for instance, one remembers this sort of thing in the daily controversies of that date:—"If Lord Beaconsfield, on the occasion of the massacres in Bulgaria, had sent the fleet and a landing party to Constantinople, and when in possession of that place had called a Congress of the Powers to settle the future of Turkey, he would," &c. &c. That this heroic programme should have been suggested in desperation by uneasy Radicals smarting under the charge of complicity with the aggressive designs of Russia is natural enough. We all knew that it was not serious, and that nobody would have stood more aghast at the adoption of this very "forward" policy—a challenge, impossible not to be taken up, to a general European war—than its advisers themselves. But we confess to being a little astonished at finding this poor stuff vamped up again for use by a political writer of so much ability as Mr. Wilkinson. Had he devoted but a tithe of the attention to home politics that he has bestowed upon foreign affairs, he could not possibly favour so fantastic a theory as that the British electorate, in effect, condemned Lord Beaconsfield in 1880 for not having seized Constantinople four years before, and thence dictated a settlement of the Eastern Question to submissive Europe, just as Napoleon sent the *Comédie Française* his newly drafted code of regulations from Milan. He would, on the contrary, recognize the melancholy and ominous fact that the fickle mob of voters who threw out Lord Beaconsfield's Government in 1880 were substantially the same men who had acclaimed "Peace with Honour" in 1877, just as a large proportion of those acquirers had, no doubt, contributed to swell the cry of "Down with the Turk!" the year before. And if this fact does not suggest the inference that the nation "will have no foreign policy of any kind," it is undoubtedly calculated to beget in both parties a reluctance to stake more than they can help on the chance of receiving the effective support of the nation for any definite or consistent line of foreign policy. In other words, it unquestionably points to the conclusion that the verdict of the constituencies at a general election will be determined by considerations into which foreign policy enters not at all.

With nearly all Mr. Wilkinson's views on that part of his subject which he has really studied we find ourselves in substantial accord. His first three chapters are mainly historical, and that on the Eastern Question is coloured by the writer's anti-Turkish prepossessions; but the chapters on the "Use of Armies" and the "Secret of the Sea"—though the latter is, of course, largely indebted, as all such disquisitions must be, to Captain Mahan's famous work—are full of valuable matter. About Egypt and about India Mr. Wilkinson writes with insight and judgment; and in the chapters headed respectively "A Warning from Germany" and "The Expansion of France," he has given us a carefully studied, and it must be admitted a most significant, review of the colonial policy of these

two Powers, and its bearing upon English interests during the last twelve years. But the two chapters of chief interest are those wherein the writer develops the thesis which gives the title to his book by laying "The Great Alternative" before his countrymen, and pleading for that "Revival of Duty" which alone can enable them to choose aright. The lucidity with which the present European situation is reviewed in these pages, and the power and acumen with which all its issues are examined, deserve unqualified praise; and whether we accept Mr. Wilkinson's own conclusion or not, he undoubtedly succeeds in saddling any objector with the burden of the obligation to point out a more excellent way. One may deprecate the particular policy which he recommends; but there is no denying that he has demonstrated the danger—far greater, if less immediate, than almost any positive line of action that could be suggested—of drifting on as at present without any foreign policy at all. We have not the space at command to follow out Mr. Wilkinson's processes in detail, or to discuss at length the conclusion at which he personally arrives. Practically that conclusion is, we take it, that England should definitely join the Triple Alliance; but it is quite possible to admit all the writer's premisses and yet to reserve that conclusion for further consideration. Unqualified and unconditional adhesion to that alliance is not the only alternative to our present inert neutrality. There are other conceivable combinations—combinations with one or more of the parties to that league for purposes more limited than that which other parties to it may have in contemplation. The point to which we can accompany Mr. Wilkinson, and which it is the great merit of his book to have brought so clearly out, is that it is simply fatuity on our part to treat the Triple Alliance as an eternal barrier erected by Providence for the purpose, among others, of protecting the British Empire from attack, and preserving that "greatest of British interests"—the peace of the world. So far from that, it is, as Mr. Wilkinson shows with great ability and much detail, a highly artificial, an extremely costly and irksome, and, therefore, an essentially unstable, defensive arrangement, which any one of the three Powers, parties to it, might at any moment find unworkable, and for which it would then be bound to substitute some form of direct approach to the adversary whose hostility it fears. No doubt the most probable result of this would be, as Mr. Wilkinson anticipates, to set free and to "strengthen France and Russia for the pursuit of aims which directly clash with the conditions of England's existence." But there is no need to press this particular conclusion. It is enough that all history warns us that such a readjustment of relations between partners and adversaries would be made at the expense of those who stand out of the game.

We wish we could share Mr. Wilkinson's apparent belief that it is possible to bring about a union of English parties on the basis of a definite foreign policy designed to avert this danger. But here, again, he has been only too evidently the victim of his insufficient study of contemporary domestic politics. There is something almost touching in the simplicity with which he points out that, now that the Liberal doctrine of giving freedom of opportunity to every citizen of the State is the accepted creed of both parties, there is no longer anything to fight about; that the Liberal party, in other words, is "a fiction, a mere survival"; and that its principles are "like an exhausted virus" with which the nation "has long since been inoculated, and which have lost the contagion which was their force." For how many years has this truth been preached by a whole body of political writers whom Mr. Wilkinson, it is clear, can never have honoured with his attention? Surely to any one not absolutely engrossed with foreign politics it must be among the most familiar of observations that Liberalism, as such, has ceased to exist as a distinctive creed? So far, however, from this having made it easier to reunite parties, as Mr. Wilkinson assumes, it has simply marked the commencement of a new and fiercer strife. The battle for equality of rights and opportunities having been won, the struggle which has succeeded it is between those who assist and those who resist the attempt of the emancipated citizen to plunder and tyrannize over his neighbour. The existence of this conflict, which by a strange oversight Mr. Wilkinson has so entirely ignored, does not, indeed, impair the value of his arguments, but it considerably weakens the effective force of his appeals. It is obvious that to bring about a patriotic coalition in defence of the Empire between the party of plunder and of social tyranny and their opponents would be a much more difficult business than is assumed throughout his interesting and able work.

NOVELS.

A Daughter of Music. By G. Colmore. 3 vols. London: W. Heinemann. 1894.
Dust before the Wind. By May Crommelin. 2 vols. London: Bliss, Sands, & Foster. 1894.
Jack People's Daughter. By R. E. Fracillon. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1894.
The Mystery of Landy Court. By Fergus Hume. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1894.
In the Meshes. By Florence Severne. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1894.

IN spite of certain radical faults of construction, to which attention must presently be drawn, *A Daughter of Music* is a fine romance, in its own sombre way. No one who has read *A Conspiracy of Silence* or *Concerning Oliver Knox*, will be surprised to learn that, in his third and most important story, Mr. Colmore does not approach the confines of realism. Something of Hawthorne, something, too, of Emily Brontë, enters into his primary conceptions of life, so that we should not do wisely if we inquired whether such people as he describes could exist outside an exaggerated reflection of those novelists. But it would be an error not to recognize in *A Daughter of Music* qualities of beauty and distinction which raise it far above the level of the conventional story. It is not laid in any known land, or among such people as we meet; yet its figures and its atmosphere are consistent in themselves, and the wild melancholy of its incidents awakens pity and interest.

The characters in *A Daughter of Music* are but five, and they are marshalled before us as in some German melodrama; in the *mise-en-scène* we are irresistibly reminded of that old-fashioned but still popular piece, *Die Ahnfrau*, with the storm always whistling behind the flies. On a lonely heath beside a wood stands the farmhouse of Heather Den, and the only other dwelling in the neighbourhood is the half-ruined manor of Fanelands. We have, indeed, a chorus of peasants, but where they live is not suggested. Practically, on a vast heathery expanse, the farmer and the squire dwell without neighbours in a doleful propinquity. The farmer is old Mr. Boniface Wichelow, with whom resides his grand-daughter, Rhoda, who is constantly compared to a drawing by Leonardo. The squire, a desolate and savage orphan, is Paul Garnet, who is betrothed to Rhoda. Mr. Wichelow, who is very old when the story begins, and dies, apparently no older, when it closes twenty years later, is a maniacal miser. He was waited upon and slaved for by his widowed daughter, Rhoda's mother, yet he practically murdered her; for when she broke down in health he refused her the fires and medicines and foods which were necessary for her recovery. This mania of senile avarice is presented before us with a kind of mystery. Wichelow hates Paul Garnet, because he feels that the squire must some day inherit his money, and at dead of night he buries his banknotes and parcels of sovereigns in strange places.

Meanwhile a very eminent musician, Anthony Dexter, broken down with excess of work and excitement, comes to Heather Den as a lodger. Why he comes there, or how he hears of such a place, is scarcely made apparent, but he comes, a fragment of the brilliant outer world, into Rhoda's existence. He discovers that she has great undeveloped talent, that she is "a daughter of music," and, immediately, in spite of herself, she is magnetically drawn to him. When he finds that she is engaged to Paul Garnet, and that the lodgings at Heather Den are intolerably uncomfortable, he goes away, but not until he has been taken by Paul and Rhoda up to Fanelands, and has played to them on the great organ there in the hall. He plays on this occasion Mozart, Bach, Corelli, Schubert, Wagner, and he obtains such a culminating mastery over Rhoda's will that she is no longer mistress of herself. We must not tell the story, which is interestingly, though not probably, evolved. Anthony Dexter is not clearly presented to us, and Rhoda is rather a Dutch doll upon which Mr. Colmore drapes his ingenious theories about the power of music; but Paul Garnet, with his strange, cruel patience, and the morbid child of Rhoda's sin, who dies in an ecstasy of musical indulgence, are excellently invented. Something must be said of the style of *A Daughter of Music*, which is ample, correct, and picturesque.

A very unpleasant story is *Dust before the Wind*, and one that gives us the impression of a certain narrative gift hopelessly misplaced. Stella Morice is the young and beautiful wife of an aged man of wealth. We think that we do Miss Crommelin no injustice when we say that she seems to suppose the fact of her having been forced into this marriage sufficient excuse for Stella's unfaithfulness with a dissipated and unattractive Earl. We have searched in vain throughout the story for any proof that the author regards the acts of this heroine of hers with displeasure, though she admits that their results were unfortunate.

Stella, at all events, is discovered by her husband, and would have been disinherited and divorced but for the fact of Mr. Morice's convenient and sudden demise. We are then led to understand that Stella, still unblamed by her author, returns to the protection of Lord Middlesex, although she is left with two little girls and an ample income from her husband. Fourteen or fifteen years pass, and we meet with these little girls, called by their mother's maiden name, living in seclusion in a country village. One is pretty and ordinary; the other, Pansy, is radiantly beautiful, and of a decidedly neurotic type. To Pansy enters a handsome man of forty odd, who calls himself by the name of his Scotch estate, and deliberately, crudely, seduces her, being himself a married man. They are discovered together in the upper room of a London restaurant by her mother, who is accompanied by Lord Middlesex. Stella rolls her eyeballs, stamps, rages, twitches, and roars. There is a hideous scandal, and Pansy and Stella die of it, with the brief convenient deaths common to this class of novel. *Dust before the Wind* is unwholesome and silly, bears no resemblance to real life, is a libel on many of the classes described in it, and does no credit to a lady who in previous stories has promised better things. Why will all these young women writers plunge simultaneously into a mud-bath? Some of them have a talent for mud—Miss May Crommelin pre-eminently has not.

A queer old-fashioned vivacity gives a certain interest to *Jack Doyle's Daughter*, when we have once got over the shock to our self-respect involved by the opening and central incident. That any novelist in this year of grace should serve up to us as the motive of a book such a Joe Miller is scarcely to be credited; but here it is, the good old practical joke of our infancy about the young law-students larking at a window and snatching the baby out of the nursemaid's arms in order to force her to come in and fetch it, which she does not do, but leaves it on their hands. This child is christened by her unwilling godfathers Marion Eve Psyche Zenobia Dulcibella Jane Burden, but "Phoebe" for short, and is left in the charge of a lawyer's clerk called Horatio Collingwood Nelson. The novel is constructed in the old way which was carried to so elaborate a perfection by Dickens, a large but limited number of odd and clearly defined personages being fantastically described, so that you may know them again, and then let fly through the book, ready to turn up in every sort of combination.

The second volume of *Jack Doyle's Daughter*, where all the oddities meet at a country house in Lincolnshire, and are engaged in a jewel robbery, is rather interesting; the rest of the novel is too insincere, too remote from human action, to be other than wearisome. There is a valet, a foreign scoundrel who pretends to be a Polish count (this is a very old game), on whom Phoebe madly flings her affections, and she allows a rather nice young man to accuse himself of the theft of the jewels so as to shield this dingy rascal. *Ohé! les psychologues!* We do really want, nowadays, a little more adherence to the principles of human character than this. But *Jack Doyle's Daughter* reads as though it had been written fifty years ago.

There are worse constructors of the common detective story than Mr. Fergus Hume, and *The Mystery of Landy Court*, though it will scarcely compete with that other *Mystery of a Hansom Cab*, will serve to pass an idle hour. In the ancient Catholic family of the Lametries, of Landy Court (which "faced the lengthy bulk of Lundy Island," and must therefore be as near as possible to Tracy in Morthoe), all is elegant and mysterious, but the housekeeper is the most strange of all. "From Sir Piers down to the lowest scullion Mrs. Westcote begot distrust; her demure manner, her downcast eyes, her stealthy movements, all inspired dislike; and, though no one could complain, her mere presence in the house made every one feel uneasy." When, therefore, on the night in which a money-lender has been admitted to the house, and leaves abruptly before morning, Sir Piers is discovered stabbed to the heart in his own library, with the sacred ring, the heirloom of the family, torn from its box at his side, suspicion naturally falls, successively, upon each of the denizens of the house, except Mrs. Westcote. The reader thinks he knows better, and indeed is sure of it, until about p. 209, when he sees that the author has been fooling him also, and that the most obvious culprit is the author of the crime. It is most engaging; but will Mr. Fergus Hume kindly explain why, at the death of Sir Lionel Lametry, Mr. William Kynsam becomes thereupon Sir William Lametry, simply because his mother had been the sister of the late baronet?

Without anything which can be called originality of observation, and keeping close within the lines of the conventional novel, *In the Meshes* is nevertheless so carefully written that it may be read with pleasure. The characters are very few, and, though they live in London in moderate circumstances, they give an

impression of complete isolation, which makes their occasional *rencontres* the more surprising. The heroine is the daughter of a selfish invalid, who demands every sacrifice from her and leaves her penniless. She then finds an asylum, as is so often done in story-books, in the household of her lover. As she is a very helpless, cheerless being, and as they are poor, it is not to be surprised at that they make her uncomfortable, and she becomes the companion of a lady of the Mrs. Wittittery type, who has no topic but her own sufferings. A fashionable doctor, whose wife is dying, makes love to the heroine, and when she discovers his marriage she is yet persuaded to continue to see him, and becomes suspected of the murder of the sufferer. Nothing can be said in mitigation of the commonplace plot, but the working out is neat and skilful.

MOLTKE'S TACTICAL PROBLEMS.

Moltke's Tactical Problems from 1858-1882. Edited by the Prussian Grand General Staff. Authorized translation by Karl von Donat. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1894.

ALTHOUGH the great German strategist, who carried the exact methods of abstract science perhaps further in warfare than any other soldier, wrote comparatively little in his lifetime, and talked less, at any rate in public, than any one else of equal celebrity—unless, indeed, it be his great prototype, our own Duke of Wellington—his ultimate reputation, we believe, will largely rest on what he has written. It was said by a most competent critic of "the peer," as he was familiarly spoken of in the Peninsula, that he never realized how great a man he was until he had read his official despatches; and so, we venture to think, admirers of Moltke will rest much of their faith on dry papers such as these, which were penned in the ordinary course of official routine. For here we see an octogenarian general, who had attained to success and fame such as have fallen to the lot of very few, gravely sitting down to instruct junior officers, with a patience and consideration such as would be quite admirable in a young professor seeking to earn a reputation at some war academy. His own opinion is given with an utter absence of self-assertion or dogmatism. The ideas of his pupils are carefully examined and weighed, and, if rejected, the objections to them are stated with a consideration and care which must have carried conviction to the minds of the students, and yet encouraged them to persevere. While pedantry is nowhere to be found, principles are everywhere adhered to, and calculations, precise without being grim, govern the solution. How carefully war is studied in Germany is strikingly evidenced by the fact that the greatest general in the country was not held too good to be a schoolmaster. At Berlin officers have already benefited immensely by such instruction. It is probable, therefore, that Herr Karl von Donat, who is rapidly developing into the guide, philosopher, and friend of the officer confronted with a promotion examination, has done good service in translating and publishing for us these tactical problems of the late Field-Marshal. The majority of them may be, perhaps, rather too advanced even for our majors. Many deal with army corps, some with armies, and only a few with small divisions. But, if the present mania for examining officers continues, we shall not have to wait long ere colonels and junior major-generals may find themselves in orders to handle an army corps, or even two—on paper, of course. We can hardly provide them with the actual article on the field just at present. Tactical problems such as these will in those Utopian days, no doubt, win an immense popularity, and command a prodigious sale; for, in truth, they are exceedingly carefully thought out, and provide a means of self-examination hitherto unequalled. But before we go further we would ask why Herr von Donat will persist in further propagating that most detestable phrase "troop leading"? *Truppenführung* is, no doubt, an excellent German word, and in that country well expresses its meaning. But why are we in England to translate it so rigidly and baldly? It is far more euphonious to speak of "leading troops." That is absolutely as compact and terse a phrase as its German equivalent, and moreover it is not misleading, which the barbarous "troop leading" is. For when a man hears that term over here, his thoughts naturally fly to cavalry, and he wonders what on earth Moltke or Von Donat, or any one else, be they clever as they may, can have to say about what used to be a half squadron, that he need occupy a whole volume on the subject.

With this initial protest we proceed to examine the book. The translation, if a little "tight" at times, is on the whole well done, and reflects the original clearly and exactly. A short appendix will aid the student in fixing the precise strength of the units involved, and a small vocabulary will get those who are not German scholars out of difficulties. As regards the

problems themselves, some having been set as far back as 1858, and many dealing with armaments and organizations as they existed before the Franco-Prussian War, opinions may possibly vary. The great principles of strategy and tactics, however, are not affected by mechanical improvements, and an officer who skips these earlier ones under the impression that they are worthless because they deal with an obsolete state of things will make a great mistake. A solution to each is supplied at the end of the book, and to the last twenty not only is the written solution of the Field Marshal himself given, but the *verbatim* shorthand reports of his verbal criticisms are likewise added. It may safely be asserted that a text-book on tactics so closely exhibiting the opinions of an author of equal distinction and success has never before appeared. It is almost as easy to be an examiner as a critic, but there are not many men who will deliberately sit down to show how their conundrums are to be answered. Perhaps the problems which will excite most interest in this country are those of which the scene is laid on the ground round Metz, which so many officers annually visit and are more or less familiar with. The 63rd, in which that fortress is supposed to be threatened with siege by an enemy advancing from Verdun, is one of these, and it involves, too, the handling of forces well within the scope of our ordinary efforts. The written solution of Moltke and his verbal criticisms on the answers of his pupils here afford also an excellent illustration of his methods. The 64th supplies a good example of a more ambitious scheme, while the 49th is of a nature purely editorial, and is intended to teach staff officers, to whom, what, and how to communicate orders and information under certain circumstances. But, interspersed between remarks directed solely to the particular situations under review, we here and there come upon general principles exceedingly well expressed by the great man. These will attract those not studying with a particular object; and the 55th problem, which deals with the planning of manoeuvres, will well repay the attention even of our most proficient generals. The solution to it unfortunately was not to be found, and we are therefore deprived of the advantage of hearing Moltke himself on the subject; but his remarks generally on the planning of manoeuvres tell us a great deal that is interesting on a matter just now much discussed.

In his criticisms appended to the solution of the 48th problem, the victor of Königgrätz enters into the very question concerning which latter-day critics have held him not altogether sound. It is the old difficulty as to how one may safely try to crush an opponent between two converging forces. That Moltke clearly appreciated the risks he ran in '66 is evidenced by what he says here:—

'If we succeed in attacking him on two sides, and in effecting the junction of two columns on the battle-field, the greatest results are certainly to be expected. So we have done, for example, at Königgrätz in 1866. But is it permissible to suppose this here? No! The enemy will evade such an attack, or assume the offensive himself, in order to fall upon one of our separate bodies with superior numbers.'

Again, in the verbal criticisms on the solutions put forward of the 53rd problem we hear some very pertinent and practical remarks.

'Gentlemen, you can do that only on paper, not in reality; there it would be quite different. . . . Others, again, have shifted the bivouacs in the evening. . . . Gentlemen, imagine the situation as it is in reality. The division only moved into bivouac in the evening, and, therefore, after a long march; the kitchens are dug, the kettles on the fire. Then comes a general staff officer and says:—"The bivouac is to be shifted, you must move a little bit further." Then the men must start again, the horses must be harnessed, the meat cannot be boiled; one does not really do so in reality.'

There is a businesslike and soldierly ring about such criticism as this which is not always found about the utterances of a teacher, or in the academic exercises which officers learning their trade are set to puzzle over. Yet if any one ever appreciated the value of nice calculations, and of the scientific study of the "bookish theoretic," surely it was "Der grosse Schweiger"? And have the advantages to be derived from reading military history ever been more crisply discussed and epitomized than in these brief paragraphs to be found amongst his remarks on the solution of the 58th problem? We commend them both to those "practical men" who sneer at theoretical training and to those on whom "the pale cast of thought" has left a trace of pedantry, though we doubt if Moltke would have been altogether satisfied with the translation:—

'Strategy is the application of common sense to the conduct of war. The difficulty lies in its execution; for we are dependent on an infinite number of factors, like wind and weather, fogs, wrong reports, &c. If, therefore, theoretical

science alone will never lead us to victory, we must, nevertheless, not entirely disregard it. General von Willisen very truly says, "It is only a step from knowledge to doing; but it is a still greater from not knowing to doing." The best lessons for the future we draw from our own experience; but, as that must always be limited, we must make use of the experience of others by studying military history. Besides which, another means of furthering our education is the working out of such supposed warlike situations as our problems present.'

With this extract we are glad to conclude our notice of a professional book which we feel certain will not be read in vain by those who aspire to become generals. To younger men it must necessarily be full of instruction, and even for those who have mastered its principles years ago there will be much which will give occasion for thought and opportunity for putting theory into practice. All will be improved by it, if only by the evidence it once more supplies that genius consists in taking infinite pains, and that industry and patience were probably as much at the root of Moltke's successes as any heaven-born talent with which he may have been endowed.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Christopher Columbus—His Own Book of Privileges, 1502. Photographic Facsimile of the Manuscript in the Archives of the Foreign Office in Paris, now for the first time published, with expanded Text Translation into English, and an Historical Introduction. The Transliteration and Translation by George F. Barwick, B.A., of the British Museum. The Introduction by Henry Harrisse. The whole compiled and edited, with Preface, by Benjamin Franklin Stevens. London: B. F. Stevens.

THIS very stately folio is to be heartily recommended to all who combine a love of books about the early history of America with the command of money. Its merit does not lie in the novelty of its contents, for the *Privilegios* of Columbus are well known and in print already, but in its beauty and its completeness. The text of the "privileges" is reproduced in facsimile, with an English translation in black letter on the opposite page. A Spanish version, in which the numerous abbreviations of the original manuscripts are carefully extended, is printed by the side and at the foot of the English, after the fashion of the notes in an edition *ad usum Delphini*. Mr. Henry Harrisse, who knows whatever there is to know about Columbus, and to whom the rest of the world is indebted for discovering somewhat and proving the falsity of much asserted concerning him, contributes an historical introduction. Mr. Harrisse tells with his usual precision of statement how Columbus, when about to sail on his fourth voyage, foreseeing that the claims of his heirs would probably be disputed, caused certified copies to be made of his *Privilegios*, or the general documentary evidences of his rights, and forwarded two of them to his friend Nicolo Oderigo, of Genoa, by whose descendants they were handed over to the State. One of these copies found its way to Paris in some time and manner not known for certain, but no doubt by the simple method of robbery at the time when the archives of France were in the full swing of activity as the receivers of Napoleon's stolen goods. One copy was not restored, for some unexplained reason, and was discovered when the archives of the Foreign Office were thrown open by the orders of M. de Freycinet. It is in beautiful condition, and is reproduced in this dignified form, with an ample critical apparatus, by the enterprise of Mr. B. F. Stevens, which we trust will meet with its deserved reward. Mr. Barwick has, we think, done his work of transliteration and translation very carefully. If he errs by chance, the facsimile of the manuscript is in front by which all who can read its tortuous flourishes and its abbreviations can check him at will. The value of the volume is not wholly bibliographical; for, no doubt, students possessed by the honourable passion for consulting the original will be glad to know that they need not go to Paris. Still, it is not a student's book, but a book-collector's, and is, indeed, both too ponderous, in its heavy oak binding by Zahnsdorf, to be used with convenience, and too handsome to be conscientiously handled with freedom. The excellence of the printing, on the gentlemanly rough paper which is so agreeable to the eye in comparison with the abominable shiny stuff so often inflicted on us, is a credit to the Chiswick Press.

HALE WHITE'S SPINOZA.

Ethics: demonstrated in Geometrical Order, &c. Translated from the Latin of Benedict de Spinoza by W. Hale White; translation revised by Amelia Hutchinson Stirling, M.A. (Edin.) Second edition, revised and corrected, with new Preface. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1894.

IT is Mr. Hale White's and his coadjutor's own fault or rather merit that there is no occasion to multiply words about this revised issue of his version of Spinoza's *Ethics*. When a translator is careful and exact, has mastered the matter as well as the

language of his original, and puts into his preface just so much information as the reader may reasonably want to have at hand in the same volume, with discreet avoidance of displaying his own learning or theories, there is really nothing for a critic to do but to certify the fact with brief and cordial thanks. There is only one English translation, the late Mr. Elwes's, that can seriously compete with this. Comparison of a certain number of passages leads to the judgment that, while both versions may safely be trusted for all material purposes, Mr. Hale White's has the advantage, on the whole, in ease and elegance of diction; not a great advantage, but an appreciable one.

We have noted only one or two small points in the preface as open to animadversion. Mr. Hale White thinks Spinoza was doing an unusual thing in showing his MS. to a select number of friends some time before he published it. On the contrary, this practice was not at all uncommon down to the end of the seventeenth century. Then we find it assumed that Spinoza might well have written in Dutch. But the supposition is excluded by the passages in his own Dutch letters which show that the language was a foreign one to him, and that he wrote it with difficulty and only when his correspondents could not read Latin. On the troublesome question how far the *Tractatus Theologico-politicus* is consistent with the *Ethics* Mr. Hale White is prudent and judicious, and no one who knows the difficulties will censure him for not being more positive.

Mr. Hale White's new edition may be thought to have fallen on evil times. The celebration of Spinoza which began in 1877 and was completed by the unveiling of his statue at the Hague in 1880 coincided with a general revival of interest in philosophy and in the speculative problems of theology and morals. Now the wave has subsided for the present. Philosophical studies have diverged into minute historical criticism on the one hand and minute experimental psychology on the other, and the speculative faculties of clever young men are engrossed with schemes of political and social reconstruction, or philosophical-historical reflections upon social evolution, which may perhaps turn out in the next century to have borne more practical fruit than metaphysics, and perhaps may not. Be that as it may, pure philosophy will sooner or later have her turn again, and whenever that time comes an increasing number of English-speaking students of Spinoza will be thankful for the excellent aid put at their disposal by Mr. Hale White and Miss Hutchinson Stirling.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.

Fishers of Men. Addressed to the Diocese of Canterbury, in his Third Visitation, by Edward White, Archbishop. London : Macmillan & Co.

The Higher Criticism and the Verdict of the Monuments. By the Rev. A. H. Sayce. London : S.P.C.K. 1894.

The Epistles of St. Peter. By J. Rawson Lumby, D.D. (Expositor's Bible.) London : Hodder & Stoughton.

The Spiritual World. By Alfred Cave, D.D., Principal of Hackney College. London : Hodder & Stoughton. 1894.

THE Visitation Charge of the Archbishop of Canterbury, published under the title of *Fishers of Men*, reaches far beyond the needs of the diocese to which it was primarily addressed, and presents the reader with a masterly survey of the Church life of the moment. It falls into three divisions, in which the Archbishop speaks as statesman, scholar, and priest. The first embraces the political questions of Patronage, Parish Councils, and Education; the second the intellectual problems of Socialism, Criticism, and Prayer; the third the nature, sources, and permanence of the spiritual power of the Church. The most interesting section—to all but country clergymen and school-managers—will probably be the second. The Archbishop writes with the caution and gravity that befit his high position; but his words are the more weighty because few. He admonishes the clergy to watch and observe the social movement, to promote fairness, principle, and mutual understanding, but “not to intermeddle in disputes which require detail and technicality of knowledge.” It is remarkable that, almost immediately after this, he finds it needful to utter a solemn warning against a growing tendency to what used to be called Quietism or Silent Prayer, showing itself in a dislike for intercession or definite petitions, and a preference “for what may be figuratively called an attitude of prayer.” It is remarkable because Socialism and Quietism are both well-known fruits of mysticism.

The Higher Criticism and the Verdict of the Monuments is a title in which the reader sniffs the scent of battle, and the contents of Mr. Sayce's book will not wholly disappoint his expectations. At the same time the duel is not a *outrance*. There is coffee for two at the end of it. Mr. Sayce evidently hates the

phrase Higher Criticism, and in this he is quite right. Criticism without an adjective would meet the case, and we could decide for ourselves whether it was higher or lower. Much of it is very low indeed. The point of the book is that Old Testament critics—“the Popes”—who can they be?—have been shutting their eyes in ostrich fashion to hard facts of archaeology, and, what is still worse, delivering positive judgments on points about which neither they nor anybody else knew anything at all. “A good deal of the historical criticism which has been passed on the Old Testament is criticism which seems to imagine that the compiler of the Book of Judges or the Book of Kings was a German scholar, surrounded by the volumes of his library, and writing in awe of the reviewers. What may be called historical hairsplitting has been the bane of scientific criticism. . . . Even more frequent and more fatal has been the habit of arguing from the ignorance of the critic himself. Time after time statements have been assumed to be untrue because we cannot bring forward other evidence in support of the facts which they record. The critic has made his own ignorance the measure of the credibility of an ancient document.” This is very much what the simpler brother has suspected all along. Mr. Sayce is himself a critic and knows quite well where to stop. He admits, for instance, the composite character of the Book of Genesis, but maintains with abundance of illustration that the materials are largely contemporaneous with the facts recorded, and not only this, but that they may have been employed by Hebrew writers at a very early age indeed. For we now know that Babylonian influence was predominant in Palestine long before the Exodus. Yet further, Mr. Sayce shows that Babylonian documents underlie alike the so-called Elohist and Jehovahistic narratives. From all this follow two very important consequences. The first is that, though the Book of Genesis in its present form is a compilation, its contents throughout rest upon a serious historical foundation. The second is that the lines upon which criticism has so far been proceeding are misleading. “The literary analysis which has given us a Jehovahist and an Elohist and a priestly Codex must be supplemented or replaced by an analysis of the Book of Genesis into Babylonian, Canaanite, and other similar elements”—in fact, by a historical analysis. Here, then, we have a very pretty fight impending between the subjective and the objective schools of criticism. The issue may be waited for in patience, but it is likely to bring with it a serious modification of the sweeping theories that have of late been advanced with so much confidence.

A sound and finely practical commentary on *The Epistles of St. Peter*, by Dr. Lumby, the Cambridge Lady Margaret Professor, will be welcome to all who appreciate good work. It will be found profitable by all classes of readers, and is specially to be commended to young clergymen. What Dr. Lumby has to say about the pattern shepherd, the good parson, is full of wisdom. Dr. Lumby defends the authenticity of the Second Epistle, and shows good grounds for his opinion.

One of the most learned and instructive theologians of the day is Dr. Cave, whose new book *The Spiritual World* deserves the attention of all who are accustomed to reflect on the ground of their belief. In this collection of essays the author treats of the philosophy of religion from the point of view of the doctrine of Common Sense. The first paper, on the relation of theories of perception to systems of theology, abstruse as the subject may seem, is one of great and immediate value. Here Dr. Cave gives by far the best account we have seen of what is known in Germany as *Ritschianismus*, undogmatic Lutheranism, Protestantism without metaphysics. It claims to mediate between orthodoxy and Agnosticism, and it aims at effecting this object by insisting on the validity of the Christian consciousness, while denying the possibility of any knowledge of God in Himself. Ritschl, on critical grounds, denied the Incarnation, while accepting in practice all the corollaries of that doctrine, but refused to attach any objective value to the death of Our Lord. Dr. Cave's book makes it increasingly evident that the real point at issue is not the Incarnation, but the Atonement. This has, in fact, always been the issue from the days of Celsus downwards. But if this is so, much of the Anglican theology of the day is not hitting the mark.

Three books on our list which may be placed together treat of the question whether democracy is to be a new form of tyranny—the government of the poor in the interests of the poor, as Aristotle defined it—or not.

In *Religion in History and in the Life of To-day* (Hodder & Stoughton), Dr. Fairbairn begins with the melancholy confession that we have called out our last reserve. “It is the people that now rule, and unless God live in and rule through the people, the end of all our struggles, the goal of all our boasted progress,

will be chaos, and chaos is death." "The sovereign people, then, ought not to be sovereignless; but their only possible sovereign is the God who is lord of the conscience." The rule of God operates through religion, which is the realization of the Divine purposes in human society, and the author enforces this position by a review of the Old and New Testaments in their bearing on the life of the State. The burning questions of the day are only briefly and lightly touched towards the end of the book, but Dr. Fairbairn does not seem to contemplate any sweeping reconstruction of the social order. His opinion seems to be that the present order would work not ill if it were animated by a truly religious spirit, and that without that truly religious spirit change is likely to take a wrong direction. "It is not," he says, "the theoretical unbelief of to-day that troubles me; it is its practical ungodliness." "Men have been too anxious to limit religion, to keep it, as they think, to its own province and work, forgetting that the province of religion is the whole man and the whole life of all men." The main defect of his able book is that he shirks the question of equality, gives liberty its vulgar negative sense, and is therefore unable to attach any fruitful meaning to fraternity. And how is religion to exert any effective control unless the society which it regulates is religiously one?

Dean Hole, like Dr. Fairbairn, publishes his volume—*Addresses to Working Men* (Edwin Arnold)—in response to the sweet importunity of friends, and, greatly as he differs from him in style and method, appears to hold substantially the same view. The Dean's Addresses are practical, humorous, and a little horsey; one is "On the Gentleman in the Loose Box." What he thinks the working-man requires is less beer, less gambling, more Bible reading, and some inkling of the truth that manners, culture, and wealth do not necessarily sink their possessor.

Both consider that we want more religion, more light, greater simplicity, and much more purity of life; and both would agree that all classes alike need to be brought more closely under the yoke of the Gospel. The view of the Bishop of Durham in *The Incarnation and the Common Life* (London: Macmillan & Co.) is essentially different. He appears to regard Socialism, in one form or another, as the inevitable goal of modern progress; that is to say, he considers political movements or agitations as in themselves religious phenomena not to be questioned or bridled, but to be fostered and helped on. We extract one significant sentence:—"Wage-labour, though it appears to be an inevitable step in the evolution of society, is as little fitted to represent finally or adequately the connexion of man with man in the production of wealth as at earlier times slavery or serfdom." This is the New Mysticism in its political aspect, and if Dean Hole and Dr. Fairbairn are right in thinking that our social life has hitherto been very largely irreligious, it is surely rather a premature and dangerous attitude to adopt. To use old-fashioned language, how can we be certain whether any particular movement of the secular life is a providence or a judgment? But the reader must not run away with the idea that the esteemed Bishop's volume is a pamphlet on "wage-labour." There is much to be read in these pages on ideals, on the religious significance of co-operation, and generally on the social obligations of the Christian life, which ought to make a deep impression on all thoughtful minds. It is true that "we need, and we all sadly know that we need, the fresh conviction of a Spiritual Presence in our troubled world, and spiritual fellowship with the unseen realized through the fulness of our humanity."

The Psalter of 1539, edited by Professor Earle, of Oxford (London: John Murray), is necessarily an interesting book; but it is not nearly as interesting as that accomplished scholar could have made it. The reason is that, instead of contenting himself with the rich field properly belonging to the Anglo-Saxon Chair, he has endeavoured to give the reader a survey of all the results of the so-called higher criticism, and to meet the needs of edification as well. Thus Professor Earle is crowded into a corner, and cannot find space to tell us what no man could have told us better. He points out that "the literary excellence of the English Bible was no sudden product." Coverdale's Psalter grew out of the numerous vernacular translations of the Psalms that had been made from the tenth century downwards. But this point is not developed as in a book of this character it should have been. The English diction is touched upon with skill and taste, but only in a casual and fragmentary way, as if the Professor had suddenly felt that he might be boring his readers. Even the relation of Coverdale's Version of the Psalter to that of 1539, or of this to the present Prayer-Book Psalter, is not given with clearness. The book abounds in valuable notes, remarks, suggestions. It is the book of a scholar, yet it will hardly satisfy the expectations of those who wanted a thorough discussion of the Psalter from the point of view of an accomplished student of the English language.

Dr. Scott's *Baird Lectures for 1892-3* treat of *Sacrifice; its Prophecy and Fulfilment* (Edinburgh: David Douglas). The book takes a broad historical view of the subject, tracing the institution of sacrifice through all its manifestations in animism, in polytheism, and the Hebrew Scriptures, and ending with the Crucifixion as the crown and explanation of all. It is full of knowledge and wise reflection easily and clearly expressed. Dr. Scott brings out, though not so emphatically as he might have done, the leading fact that the punishment of sin is not pain but hardness, and that therefore its anguish must, in the first instance, be endured by another.

Our list of sermons includes *Speculum Sacerdotum; or, the Divine Model of the Priestly Life*, by the Rev. Canon Newbold, of St. Paul's (Longmans, Green, & Co.); a second edition of the excellent *Village Sermons*, preached at Whatley, by Dean Church (Macmillan & Co.); *A Year's Sermons*, by the Rev. R. W. Hiley, D.D. (Griffith, Farrar, & Co.); *Consider Your Ways*, by the Rev. G. Litting (Skeffington & Son); *The Comfortable Season of Lent*, by the Rev. T. P. Davies (Skeffington & Son); *Divine Humanity*, by the Rev. H. C. Atwool (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.); *Christ and Modern Life*, by the Rev. H. B. Otley (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.); *The Excepts of Christ*, by the Rev. J. H. Fry (Skeffington & Son); *Thoughts for the Times*, by the Rev. F. C. Woodhouse, 2 vols. (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.). With these may be classed *The Office and Work of a Priest*, a series of papers on *Pastoralia*, by the Rev. C. J. Littleton (Skeffington & Son).

Two books on our list, both by men of mark, may be placed side by side for the sake of that deepest of all problems which they answer in wholly divergent ways. They are Mr. H. C. Moule's *Epistle to the Romans* (Hodder & Stoughton), and Canon Scott Holland's *God's City* (Longmans, Green, & Co.). Mr. Moule represents the old Evangelicalism with all its devotional fervour and none of its bitterness. "Faith is Trust. It is not a faculty for mystical intuitions." "Christ is all. Faith is man's acceptance of Him as such." It is absolute self-surrender to the Saviour in Heaven, and admits of no degrees. It carries with it justification, and this also admits of no degrees. "The harlot, the liar, the murderer, are short of it; but so are you. Perhaps they stand at the bottom of a mine, and you on the crest of an alp; but you are as little able to teach the stars as they." Faith produces spiritual unity; but it is not of man, and its fruit is liberty. Here we have the old absolutism; salvation bears no relation to discipline or the facts of life, and issues naturally in disruption. On the other hand, Canon Scott Holland says:—"What we as Churchmen must in the final result mean is, that to believe at all in Jesus is to have by that very same act believed in the Church. We mean that the two are inseparable by their normal nature; and the one position to which we give a resolute and radical denial is that a Christian first completes his personal adherence to Jesus Christ as the Saviour, and then looks about him to consider, in the second place, whether it will be well and wise for him to join a body of believers." This positive statement, again, is not in accordance with the facts of life. Cardinal Newman spent years in deciding which body of believers he should join. The opposition between the two preachers as it stands is irreconcilable, but each has something to teach the other. Mr. Moule's lesson is that the business of the Church is to make men religious, and that as a Church she can do nothing for those who do not accept her doctrines or live her life. On the other hand, Mr. Moule tells us of the sacrifices which the Protestants under Louis XV. were willing to make in the cause of civil unity. It may be added that, if people had been ready to practise anything like the same self-denial for the Church as for the nation, we should not now be where we are.

Books by well-known authors that call for notice are a new edition of Archdeacon Farrar's *Life of Christ* (Cassell & Co., Ltd.); *Notes on the Proverbs*, the third and final volume of the work in which Dr. Malan has heaped together the proverbial philosophy of all countries and ages to illustrate the wisdom of Solomon (Williams & Norgate); two new volumes of Dr. Geikie's learned, graphic, and well-written series, *Landmarks of Old Testament History* (Samuel to Malachi), and *The Gospels* (Nisbet & Co.); and *The Apostolic Age*, a well-executed translation by James Millar, B.D., of Weizsäcker's well-known work; this is the first volume of two (Williams & Norgate).

We have received also a volume of Essays by Mr. Huxley, *Science and Hebrew Tradition* (Macmillan & Co.); *A Handbook to the Psalms*, by the Rev. E. M. Holmes (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.); *The Life of Christ*, by the Rev. A. E. Hillard (Rivington, Percival, & Co.); *Christie Eleison*, a little book of Lenten meditations, by L. C. Skey (Skeffington & Son); *The Theology of the New Testament*, by W. F. Adeney (Hodder & Stoughton); *The Church Catechism Explained*, by the Rev. A. W. Robinson

(Cambridge: at the University Press); *Why are We Churchmen?* by the Rev. A. L. Oldham (Rivington, Percival, & Co.); *The Story of the New Gospel of Interpretation*, by E. Maitland (Lamley & Co.); *The Intellectual Virtues*, by James Bonar (Macmillan & Co.); *Christ in the World*, the Donnellan Lectures for 1892-3, by the Rev. W. M. Foley (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co., Lim.); *Religion*, by G. de Molinari, translated from the French by W. K. Firminger (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), and *The Gospel according to Peter*, by the author of *Supernatural Religion* (Longmans, Green, & Co.).

PIANOFORTE PLAYERS.

Celebrated Pianists of the Past and Present Time. By A. Ehrlich. London: Grevel & Co.

THIS is a collection of 116 biographies, arranged in alphabetical order, and taking us through some two hundred years of pianoforte playing—from François Couperin (1668-1733) to our own Eugene d'Albert (b. 1864). The original is in the German tongue, and the translation now before us has been probably perpetrated by the author; it is not very good and it is not very bad; at least, there is nothing in it to make one impatient, and at times the reviewer's heart is even gladdened with mild merriment as he meets something of peculiarly German make. For instance (p. 11):—"His death . . . was a real loss to *musiced* interests in London"; or "Hans von Bülow stands on an equality with the most eminent men of his time"; and further:—"Almost unparalleled in its consistency, self-denial and nobility in its furtherance of Wagner's music, and he is always full of eager generosity to forward into notice the works of important composers whose productions," &c. The book, by-the-by, is printed in Germany also. If it cannot be said that there is great intrinsic value in the work, one may readily admit its usefulness as a reference book, in the first instance. The data are given correctly, the information is skilfully condensed, and the portraits accompanying the biographies are not only very good, but have the merit of being an innovation in books of the kind. Whatever there is of critical element in these 116 short notices deserves little consideration, and the subjoined is a fair sample of the thing throughout:—

"All critics of the present day agree in putting Teresa Carenero at the head of modern pianists. Her playing is unequalled, her technical knowledge is perfect, and she captivates even those who make it a rule to admire nothing. In fact, her whole performance is great and phenomenal. At the same time, her greatest admirers admit that it is not all perfection; although her playing is impassioned and full of power, yet it lacks tenderness, and her touch is often hard."

The author pleads various difficulties in extenuation of the incompleteness of his book; among others, the difficulty of obtaining sound information about and portraits of living *virtuosi*. This may be so; but, for all that, we cannot help being astonished at several important omissions where there could not have been the least difficulty of obtaining "artistic information," much less portraits. And we find also several "celebrated pianists" whose names are entirely unfamiliar to us, and who, as *per author's* information, seem all but destined to a *douce obscurité*. Amongst the omissions we notice Albanei, Albeniz, and Andreoli—surely as worthy of figuring in Mr. Ehrlich's catalogue as Anton Door, Robert Freund, Erika Lie, Carl Heymann, or Willi Thern, though we are assured that, in the case of this last "celebrity," the genius of the father has descended to his children. How very nice for the *Frau Mamma*! Again, if Ketten and Henri Herz are duly biographed, why not our Sydney Smith and Ascher? And why not Lefébure-Wély? Quite unaccountable is the omission of Klinckow, Moszkowski, Mme. Roger Mielos, and Mlle. Chaminade; then there are also Hoffmann and Otto Hegner, who certainly ought to have been mentioned; and last, not least, Fred Lamont, a Scottish pianist, very well known in Germany, and certainly one of the most remarkable artists of the day. Surely in all these cases "artistic information" was within reach? *Par contre* we find Carl Mikuli, Isidor Seins, Karl Heinrich Barth, Heinrich Ehrlich, and a dozen others, who, though excellent teachers, have hardly the necessary qualifications for appearing in Mr. Ehrlich's pianistic *Walhalla*. The last named especially so, as his only claim to rank in the art world is his post of musical critic in an important Berlin contemporary; and then, even, he is best known by Bülow's distich—"Professor Ehrlich ist nicht gefährlich."

To sum up, *Celebrated Pianists* is an unpretentious dictionary of pianists, capable of improvements and additions, but interesting, useful, and worthy of place among good reference books.

BOOKS ON SHAKSPEARE AND OTHERS.

Shakespeare Studies; and other Essays. By T. Spencer Baynes. London: Longmans & Co.

Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story. Discovered and deciphered by O. W. Owen, M.D. London: Gay & Bird.

The Muses' Library—William Browne. Edited by Gordon Goodwin. With an Introduction by A. H. Bullen. 2 vols. London: Lawrence & Bullen.

Elizabethan Library—The Poet of Poets; Spenser's Love Verse—Green Pastures: Extracts from Robert Greene. Edited by A. B. Grosart. London: Elliot Stock.

The Trial of Sir John Falstaff. By A. M. F. Randolph. New York and London: Putnam's Sons.

Prose of Milton. Edited by R. Garnett, LL.D. London: Walter Scott.

Poetical Works of John Milton. Edited by John Bradshaw. 2 vols. London: Allen.

The Whitehall Shakespeare. Vol. III. Westminster: Constable.

The Temple Shakespeare—The Tempest, &c. London: Dent.

The Junior School Shakespeare—A Midsummer Night's Dream, &c. London: Blackie.

The Warwick Shakespeare—Hamlet. London: Blackie.

IT was quite right that the late Professor Spencer Baynes's Shakspearian Essays should be published in a volume, though we do not entirely see the propriety, or the necessity, of make-weighting them by a paper on *English Dictionaries* which might have found better companions in another volume of "Remains," for which there must be plenty of materials. An agreeable prefatory memoir—to which the best compliment we can pay is to say that it might with advantage have been three or four times as long, and so have taken the place of the Dictionary article—comes from the pen of Professor Lewis Campbell. It introduces the article which, under his own editorship, Professor Baynes contributed to the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the remarkable papers on "What Shakespeare Learnt at School," contributed to *Fraser* fifteen years ago; and two much earlier articles on different editions of Shakespeare, which deal chiefly with certain special points of Shakspearian criticism. Of these, though all were quite worth putting on record in an easily accessible form, we think the second by far the best. It is a real addition—or, rather, a necessary complement—to the essays of Farmer and Maginn; and, with these, forms a pretty complete conspectus of the special subject, informed by a very great deal of special study. The reviews deserve an honourable place, if no more, on the shelves (they must be pretty roomy ones) devoted to Shakspearian *apparatus criticus*. For the *Encyclopædia* article we confess that we cared, and care, less. Professor Campbell says that his old friend and colleague edited himself severely; we should have said that he might have edited himself much more with advantage. No doubt the tradition of the *Encyclopædia* admits of exoteric discourses of considerable length under important heads. But, considering the little that we really know of Shakespeare, it might be thought that less than 150 fair-sized pages might have contained it, or that more of these pages might have been devoted to criticism of the works, instead of to such remarks as that "the poet's uncle Henry was often in the courts for debt," with several pages on the possible commercial qualities of the poet's father. However, if Professor Baynes sinned here (and we think he did), he sinned in company with most of his contemporaries, and he was both too amiable a person and too undoubted a scholar to be treated harshly for it.

We promised ourselves (and were even promised by a deceiving person who had looked into it) some amusement from Dr. Owen's new attempt to decipher Shakespeare, also Greene, also Spenser, also Marlowe, also Burton, and so forth, as the cryptographic work of Bacon. We were grossly disappointed. The thing is mere drivel. Mr. Donnelly is gospel and good fun both to it. In the author's preliminary discussion with Bacon, he observes:—"I may not conceal from you that I shall appear for a time to be a fool." Good Dr. Owen, why that limitation?

It cannot be said that, in reprinting in the comely series of the "Muses' Library" the poems of William Browne of Tavistock, his present editors have fallen into the error of some recent reproducers of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century work—the error of extravagant praise. Indeed, we ourselves think that Mr. Bullen has gone rather to the other extreme. If it be true that Browne did sometimes fall into "sheer fatuity" and "far-fetched, outrageous conceits," it must be remembered that hardly any poet of his time escaped the latter, and not very many the former, pitfall now and then. The mazy fluency of his verse, half-breathless, but never broken-winded, which caught and taught Keats, and which still charms all fit readers, might serve to excuse worse faults than any of his; and he could sometimes, as in the splendid "Siren's Song" of *The Inner Temple Masque*, and not a few of his minor poems, rise to a very high level indeed. He was not completely obtainable before, except in the

large and now rather rare edition which Mr. W. C. Hazlitt published five and twenty years ago, and he thoroughly deserved his place in this present "Muses' Library." Nor do we find much fault with his publisher and introducer for not blowing his trumpet louder. Many authors have lost readers by too great praises on the part of their gentlemen-ushers; few, we think, by over-modesty in commendation on the part of those officials. A good text prettily printed needs no editorial bush, and need fear no editorial apologies.

At the same time, if Mr. Bullen has been a little unkind to Browne generally, he and Mr. Goodwin have made amends by assigning to him (not, of course, for the first time, but with no apparent hesitation) the magnificent epitaph on "Sidney's sister," which for a century and a half has formed one of the choicest flowers in Ben Jonson's crown. With this assignment we can by no manner of means agree. It is quite true that there is no direct external evidence for giving it to Ben; but the external evidence for giving it to Browne is so weak as to be worthless. Aubrey, indeed, says it was his; but Aubrey was the loosest of gabbler. It occurs (with an intensely weak second stanza), assigned to Browne, in two mid-century MS. collections; but everybody who has looked into the matter knows that these seventeenth-century MS. anthologies attribute authorship *à tort* and *à travers* in the most reckless way. Nor can we admit that Browne, in saying that "his weak and saddest verse" [the second stanza, we own, is very sad indeed] was thought worthy of Lady Pembroke's "herse," must needs refer to these lines. In two books in which they appear, published in 1658 and in 1660, they are not assigned to Browne. Thus it will be seen that the external evidence is of the weakest. On the other hand, internal evidence shouts rather than says, "Jonson, not Browne." The latter has left us abundant epitaphs, and never a one with this texture of marble, or, rather, of bronze; while Ben had the touch at his fingers' ends, and could impress it, though never, perhaps, quite so finely as this, whenever he chose. No! no! we think better of Browne than Mr. Bullen does, on the whole, but we should be very much surprised indeed to find, and we see no reason for thinking, that he ever wrote anything like this.

Dr. Grosart has made a volume which could not be other than delightful for his "Elizabethan Library" out of Spenser's *Love Verse* in the *Minor Poems*, and another from Greene. We rather grudge extracts from a poet who ought to be read all in all, or not at all; and a carper might carp that "The Poet of Poets" is not quite the same as "The Poets' Poet," and not quite so appropriate to the greatest of Edmunds (no disrespect to the Saint or to Mr. Burke or to any one else). But we prefer simply to acknowledge a pretty little book, and to hope that it will lead many to a wider Paradise. The Greene volume was better worth doing, not because the matter is half as good, but because it is not a hundredth part as well known.

Mr. Randolph is so good a man and so well affected to the divine Williams, and entertaineth such sound notions on Bakespearism, and is altogether so agreeable, that we would say no harsh words of his *Trial of Sir John Falstaff*. If the constructive part of it—the history of the Shall-Owes of Virginia, and so forth—does not much arride us, that is doubtless our fault; and we assure Mr. Randolph that we never remember to have liked anything of the kind from Landor's portentous failure downwards. But some things in the book are good, and one of its quotations from "Jack" Campbell has given us a marvellous light. "If" said that pragmatical Lord Chancellor before Shaconium dawned, "Lord Eldon could be supposed to have written *Henry IV*." &c. Why of course he did! It was one of "the chronicles of Eld"—on. And probably Lord Thurlow wrote *As You Like It*, for, as all men know, he himself was "full of strange oaths."

In editing a selection of Milton's Prose for the "Scott Library," Dr. Garnett has admitted with as much good sense as good nature that, both in selecting and in commenting, any editor must pretty well say what his forerunners have said, and take what his forerunners have taken. His own selection appears to us to be quite right, and we only disagree with that part of his criticism which repeats what we were already familiar with, his good-naturedly uncritical view of Milton's character. Not twenty Dr. Garnetts (though we should be very glad of their acquaintance) shall ever persuade us, in the teeth of the clearest evidence, that Milton was anything but a very ill-conditioned and bad-blooded person. But Dr. Garnett cannot be more convinced than we are that at his best he was a magnificent prose-writer.

The reprint—for a reprint it must be, though there is no direct intimation of the fact—of the edition of Milton's complete poetical works, which the late Dr. Bradshaw compiled for students' use in India, is very handy, by no means unhandsome, and as useful as any we know. We might point out a few slips

—for instance, "Lyones [se]" is not "Cornwall," but a part of Cornwall, and "sun-proof" is not only used by Sylvester, but by Peele, an earlier writer than Sylvester, and one whom Milton studied much. But these are trifles, and the edition is good.

In the way of new editions of Shakespeare we have a rather goodly number of entries to chronicle. First in all respects deserves to be ranked the very handsome small quarto, or imperial 16mo., of the *Whitehall Shakespeare*, which we were able to praise so highly at its first appearance. This volume contains *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*, and it would be difficult to find a more comely form in which to read three plays which certainly yield to nothing even of Shakespeare's in charm, though others may excel them in majesty. To those who are regardless of shelf-room, wisely careless of elaborate annotation (though it must be remembered that there is here a very good glossary), and fond of a volume which, if not exactly a pocket one, is perfectly portable and handy as well as admirably produced in every way, the *Whitehall Shakespeare* will appeal as hardly any other of the innumerable editions of the poet does.

Messrs. Dent's *Temple* edition, on the other hand, is distinctly a pocket one, being issued in single plays and a small square size which is very pretty. It is put out in three shapes, one of which extends the square to an ordinary duodecimo, admitting of large paper, another in roan binding, and a third in small cloth. Each play has an introduction and notes very competently done by Mr. Gollancz, a frontispiece, and a glossary.

We have never been much enamoured of any attempts to make Shakespeare milk for babes, either by bowdlerizing or other means; but we have seen worse examples of such attempts than the *Junior School Shakespeare*. Our own receipt is "Leave a complete Shakespeare in every boy's and girl's way as early as they can read, and if they be 'of his' they will find it." But that is not the way of the present day, which apparently prefers to point out in italics that "the naturalness of what Rosalind says and does is the proof that both body and mind were healthy" (how true, but also how tautological!), to give lists of "derivations" and "doubts" (why not also of hose?), and so forth. If such offences come they might, as we have already said, come much worse than in the guise of the *Junior School Shakespeare*.

The same principle of suggesting everything and leaving the youthful reader as little to himself as if he were in a Jesuit college is pushed further in the *Warwick Shakespeare*, intended as it is for older readers. Mr. E. K. Chambers, who edits *Hamlet*, is, though (we believe) a young, yet to our knowledge an able and learned student of Elizabethan literature. It is all the more pity that he should think it worth while to draw parallels for youth between Hamlet and the personages of ephemeral modern novels, and to suggest that the Prince of Denmark was a study from Sir Philip Sidney. This kind of thing is the very Abomination of Shakspearian orthodoxy, and a good Shakspearian should flee it as he flees Donnelly or Duncery themselves.

LAYS OF ANCIENT INDIA.

Lays of Ancient India: Selections from Indian Poetry rendered into English Verse. By Romesh Chunder Dutt, C.I.E., Barrister-at-Law, and of the Indian Civil Service; Member of the Royal Asiatic Society and of the Asiatic Society of Bengal; Author of "A History of Civilization in Ancient India," &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1894.

THE celebrated Minutes of Macaulay giving English preference over Oriental literature, and the encouragement of this particular branch of study by the Governments of India and Bengal for nearly sixty years, have enabled the writer of these lays to enter the Bengal Civil Service, to fill the office of magistrate in a large and jungly district, and to become a Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire. But all this has not made him a poet, nor even a writer of verse. Encouraged by a commendation somewhat lavishly given to his *History of Civilization in Ancient India*, published some three years ago, Mr. Dutt has recently conceived the idea of "placing before English readers a carefully prepared book of selections from the entire range of Indian poetry." In this view he divides Sanskrit literature into five periods—the Vedic, the Epic, the Philosophical and Scientific, the Buddhistic, and the Puranic. His volume consists of translations of poetical and prose works illustrative of three or perhaps four of these epochs, and omitting, oddly enough, all mention of the voluminous epics of the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana*. Now, considering that admirable translations of portions of Sanskrit works have been published by Dean Milman and by H. H. Wilson in the last generation, as well as by Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Ralph Griffiths, and Mr. John Muir in our own time, a native gentleman might have hesitated before challenging

comparison with the splendid imagery of the "Song of the Cowherd," or the well-balanced and heroic couplets of the "Cloud-Messenger." Young Bengal is not very likely to err in the direction of suppression and self-restraint. Nor is it easy to discover the grounds on which the author has thought himself competent to give English readers any idea of the simplicity of the Vedic hymns, the "beauty of Buddhistic precepts," or the "richness and imagery" of the later Sanskrit poets. The Vedic hymns, it is well known, are invocations to the Divine power manifested in the sky, the God of Day, fire, the sun, the storm gods, and other physical forces of a powerful and beneficial kind. The creed taught by the Vedas, says an expert, is practically that there is but one real Being in the universe; one great universal Spirit or Soul with which all apparently material substances are identified. And a development of the Vedas led, as the author truly remarks, to the mystical doctrine of the Upanishads. Of the Selections, fourteen are from the Vedas and eight from the Upanishads. Then come specimens of the edicts of Asoka, which had much better have been rendered in simple prose. And, lastly, a considerable space is reserved for the later and much more artificial literature termed Maha Kavyas, or Great Poems; the epithet indicating, not their length, but the importance of the subjects treated. This portion is taken from the Kiratarjuniya, which, we are told, is remarkable for "flights of poetry, sonorous beauty of language, and incomparable vigour of expression." Sir M. Monier-Williams (*Indian Wisdom*, p. 451) admits to some extent the imagery and the poetical feeling, but adds that the object of the author is to bring out the extraordinary ductility and flexibility of Sanskrit, to make each verse a separate puzzle, to twist language into verbal knots, to frame some whole lines by the mere repetition of words beginning with the same consonant, and some others by epithets capable of yielding different meanings and of application to two different nouns. But whether Mr. Dutt was justified in attempting to translate these works at all, or in employing for his purpose the ordinary ballad metre, it is quite certain that he ought to make his second and his fourth lines rhyme. We have taken the trouble to count the number of couplets in which there is no rhyme at all, and they amount to more than one hundred. "Given" and "heaven," "God" and "Broad," might be excused under English precedent, and we could pardon another faulty rhyme or two. But "thought" and "not," "remain" and "sin," "prayer" and "fire," "sun" and "dawn," "all" and "soul," "Brahman" and "shine," "abhor" and "breathe," "laws" and "ways," "green" and "skin," "fell" and "isle," "righteousness" and "base," "done" and "began," "folly" and "unholy," "eye" and "sign," "sight" and "sweet," "name" and "sun," "skies" and "peace," &c., would, as Macaulay said long ago, move laughter in girls in a boarding school. We could, if necessary, quote sixty or seventy more of such poetical misjoinders. Monk barns informed Lovel that he pretended to some poetical genius, only he was never able to write verses. And when Lovel replied that it was a pity that the Antiquary "should have failed in a qualification somewhat essential to the art," Monk barns rejoined, "Essential? not a whit; it is the mere mechanical department." Possibly Mr. Dutt has read Walter Scott and is of this opinion. As a compensation for his failure in mechanism, he significantly makes "hum" rhyme to "drum." We must not deprive the reader of the means of forming his own judgment on this poetical Baboo, and we subjoin three instances which are very fair samples of the whole structure.

Here is an invocation to Indra in a Vedic hymn:—

Have you, doubting, questioned me
Where is Indra, who is he;
Mortals! in your impious thought
Have you whispered he is not?
Dread the great punisher and his vengeance dire,
For Indra smites the impious in his ire!

A golden rule from the Dhammapada, or moral and religious precepts of the Buddhist, is neither poetry nor prose:—

As you dread all pain and suffering,
Love your life, and death abhor,
So doth every living creature,
Harm not things that live and breathe.

The great King Asoka then sends a message to foreign nations. If the author had ever at all lisped in numbers, he would have felt the utter impossibility of marrying the following names to any English metre whatever:—

To our friends the Bactrian Greeks,
And to the bold Kambojas,
To Nābhakas and Nābhapantis,
And to the sturdy Bhojas;
To Petenikas in the South,
And Andhras in the Deccan:
To far Pulindas tell the news;
Tell it to every man!

Nor is the author aware that, in repeatedly using the word "tusker" to express an elephant, obviously for metrical convenience, he is indenting on the vocabulary of the Indian sportsman. The "tusker" is only in his right place in the sporting adventures of Mr. Harris, the late Sir S. Baker, and the late Mr. W. C. Osswell.

The plain truth in regard to Mr. Dutt is that, like many of his educated countrymen, in poetry as in politics he simply mimics the Anglo-Saxon. He cannot even spell his own name as one of his own caste would spell and write it—Ramesh Chandra Datta—but he has recourse to the traditional Anglo-Indian rendering of the Bengali letters.

Apart from the obvious disqualifications of the author for his self-imposed task, it is very doubtful whether one uniform metre can suit all the varieties of classical Sanskrit. Scott's metre and the ballad might do for the battles of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. Asoka's edicts are not suited to stanzas. And anything more incongruous than the complex metres of the Kiratarjuniya or the Sisupalabhadra and the English ballad it would be difficult to find. We take a specimen from *Indian Wisdom*, which Sir M. Monier-Williams says truly beats a well-known Latin line "Tu Tite, tute Tati," &c.

Na nonanunno nunnono nānā nānānā nanu.

A very good Sanskrit scholar once characterized this sort of thing as the chattering of an ape. Let us hope that Mr. Datta, doubtless a hard-working and meritorious public servant in many respects, will henceforth devote himself to the Indian Penal Code, the amended Codes of Civil and Criminal Procedure, and the Law of Evidence as consolidated by the late Sir Fitzjames Stephen.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

Don Candeloro e C., Di G. Verga. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

Rumori Mondani. Di Gaetano Negri. Milano: Editore Ulrico Hoepli 1894.

Ricordi di Spagna e dell' America Spagnuola. Di Paolo Mantegazza. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

Paolo Mantegazza. Note Biografiche di Carlo Reynaudi. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

Le Condizioni presenti della Sicilia. Studii e Proposte di A. di San Giuliano. Milano: Fratelli Treves, Editori. 1894.

La Russia Contemporanea. Nuovi studii di Tomaso Carletti. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

Viaggio Archeologico sulla Via Salaria nel Circondario di Cittaducale. Con appendice sulle antichità dei dintorni e tavola topografica. Di Niccolò Persichetti. Roma: Ermanno Loeschen & F.

"DON CANDELORO" is the first of a collection of eleven stories and an essay, in which, under the heading of *Don Candeloro e C.*, Signor Verga—in a few incisive touches, with a humour which, if it sometimes begins in cynicism (as in "Il Peccato di Donna Santa"), nearly always resolves itself in pathos—tells the story of many *cabotins*; from the ambitious descendant of several generations of Punch-and-Judy men ("Don Candeloro" and "Le Marionette parlanti") to the triumphant *diva* ("La Serata della Diva") and the ex-triumphant dancer ("Il Tramonto di Venere"); from the cunning peasant, with whom he deals tenderly ("Gli amanti" and "Papa Sisto"), to the cunning monk, whom he shows to be able to take care of himself ("L'Opera del divino Amore," a purely and exquisitely comic incident). The most remarkable of these fascinating tales are the two tragic-comic first ones, which concern themselves with the fortunes and ambitions of Don Candeloro, the belief in his own superiority which made of him for a short intoxicating time the *cog du village*, his filial ingratitude, his sordid marriage, and his final disillusion; "Paggio Fernando," with the inimitable "Capo-Comico," the domestic graces of his "majestic" spouse, the crocodile tears of his accomplished daughter, the childish vanity of a budding Don Juan, and last, but not least, the journalist Barbetti, whose career would be well worth watching, were it but to meet him later in the height of his power in the capital at supper with the *patito* of the *diva*. "Epopea Spicciola" is a lurid glimpse—it lasts but a few seconds, but is burnt into the mind with indelible power—of the horrors of war—civil war on a small scale, or rather the onslaught of a drunken soldiery on a quiet Sicilian village. The concluding essay ("Fra le Scene della Vita"), "In the Wings of Life," is a series of dissolving views, all either terrible or pathetic, the most terrible and pathetic of all being the vision of incendiarianism. Every page in the book is worthy of the author of *Don Gesualdo* and *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

A third volume, *Rumori Mondani*, has been added to those essays—*Past and Present* and *Signs of the Times*—which, during the past year, have been so widely read in Italy. The charm of these essays is, to a great extent, subjective—*n'en deplaise à Pascal* and M. Brunetière—yet they owe a great measure of their

success to the fact that they resume the latent thought, crystallize some of the emotions, and endow with form and aim some of the vague aspirations of a people still stirred by the breath of the great transition that united them. For none thrills in quicker response to every whisper of the Four Winds of the Spirit than this newcomer in the comity of nations, born of a race as apt to absorb the thought of the world as it has been to shape its destinies, and none is more ready to proclaim the voice that gives articulate expression to one or any phase of its intellectual development. There is, therefore, a certain coquetry in the author's apology for the "intemperance" of his rapid production (*vide preface*). In writing the first two books he avers that "he felt as if he were indulging in solitary monologue."

"I imagined [continues Signor Negri] the existence of readers to justify the existence of the work. I was conscious of the vanity of my imaginings. Certes, like every author who resolves to print a book, I believed that I had something to say that was worth listening to. But, at the same time, I knew that the din of modern life is too loud to be dominated by a single voice. . . . To rise above the din in this modern world one should have the accompaniment of a chorus. I had no chorus at my disposal, and was, therefore, prepared for the drowning of my weak voice in the continuous and universal bellow. Hence my surprise in finding that my premonitions have not been altogether fulfilled. . . . Now the knowledge that there is some one who responds to what one has to say, that our words awaken sentiments and ideas in others, is an encouragement hardly to be resisted. . . . And I think (and this is the origin of this volume, and perhaps the consequence of my presumption) that I have something more to say, and haven't yet quite exhausted my hoard of ideas. I have thought at length on some of the gravest problems of our time, and have been tempted to travel in the most opposite regions of modern culture. . . ."

The distances traversed in this volume by the intellectual explorer may be gauged by essays on "The *Phædo* and the Immortality of the Soul," wherein the author finds the "fundamental text of Christian metaphysics"; on "Religious and Philosophic Thought in Italy"; on "The Two Currents in the Italian Awakening," "The Messianic Idea in the Hebrew Decadence," "The Concept of Religion in Paul Bourget and Pierre Loti," "A Pathologic Love-affair," and others on Garibaldi, Tenca, De Tocqueville, and Edmond Scherer. Taken in conjunction with the contents of the preceding volumes, they may prove as valuable a tonic to a decadent generation as Dr. Max Nordau's more drastic treatment, even if they leave to fashion some latitude in dress and furniture, to poetry some mysticism, to humanity some reverence and some religion; although, to quote Signor Negri's quotation from Schiller, it may be

Keine von allen
Die du mir nennst.

"The Spaniard," says Professor Paolo Mantegazza, in his brightly written *Memories of Spain and Spanish America*, "is mystical, eloquent, idle, frank, enamoured of his country, gallant, chivalrous, patient, and somewhat cruel. When he has cancelled bull-fighting from his enjoyments, we will cancel the last adjective, and see the Spaniard carry the fine elements of his noble and sympathetic nature to the common crucible, to which every civilized people will contribute its own metal, thus forming the homogeneous alloy necessary to construct the European citizen." Part I., "Spain," contains an eloquent impeachment of bull-fighting, a synopsis of its history, interspersed with the author's personal impressions and experiences, and a psycho-physiological analysis of the three types that combine to form the nation, such as we are accustomed to expect from the pen of this genial exponent of popular science. Yet the most attractive pages in the book are dedicated, not to science, but to the Cathedral of Cordova, once the Mosque of Abd-er-Rahmann—that "forest of eight hundred columns," wherein the writer "breathed the mystic air of the supernatural," which did not prevent his being still more poetically inspired by a face seen at a window after he had passed out of it:—"A pale woman's face, so typical of Arab-Latin Spain . . . that the glories of the Mosque, its pillars, and its Mihrab . . . paled before it"—and to the Cordovan market-place, with its luscious wares, its auctions, its motley crowd, its humour, its brilliant colour, and its advertisements. In the midst of the market-place there was a rickety table where you could buy hot chestnuts. "Table, frying-pan, and chestnuts were not worth more than ten francs; but a great placard affixed to the booth was well worth a hundred." It bore the following inscription:—

Alto aqui Señores
Castañas a perrilla el quarteron
Y dos perras gordas la libra,
Y tienen las tres B. B. B.,
Y alguno ha allegar tarde.

The three B's stand for *buenas*, *bonitas*, *baratas*, and prepare the reader for the statement that "some one will be too late to buy." Part II. tells of the Professor's youth in Southern America, of the youth of some of its Republics, of life as it was thirty or more years ago in Brazil and Argentina, of people, cattle, produce, *jaleas*, politics, love affairs, and other minor matters which the appreciative reader will prefer to find out for himself.

Signor Carlo Reynaudi's biography, *Paolo Mantegazza*, includes a more complete account of the great physiologist's South American experiences, with a complete history of his work in science, literature, and politics. It is curious to note that, in a letter dated August 1854, from Brazil, Mantegazza predicted that "the country would in time become a Republic," and that in 1840 at the age of ten he argued with Professor Ghiootti, in the presence of a whole class, that "qualities said to appertain to the heart have their seat in the head." It is interesting, having followed the vicissitudes of his life and incessant search after knowledge between the tropics and the North Pole, to meet with him at Berlin, whither he accompanied Baron Negri to represent Italy in the affairs of the Congo in 1884. He neither recognized the Berlin of thirty years ago in the splendid capital "wherein beats the heart of the whole great German nation . . . nor the shy, unknown youth, who had in 1854 passed through Germany in search of an ideal, in the much-decorated Mantegazza, professor, senator, improvised diplomatist who passed from fête to fête, from one enchantment to another, to the very feet of the throne." At an official dinner, a lady delighted him by asking if he were any relation of the author of *Physiologie der Liebe* (the German version of one of his most popular works), and although he is the least egotistic of geniuses, he has been heard to say that when he wants to feel ecstasy he needs "but to open a volume of his *Estasi* translated into German."

Le Condizioni presenti della Sicilia, by the Marchese di San Giuliano, member of the Italian Chamber and Under-Secretary of State in the Giolitti Cabinet, is divided into two parts. Part I., the twenty-five chapters of which are enriched with comparative tables of produce, manufacture, import, export, emigration, revenue, and depression of trade, describes the two agrarian zones of the island, its political and economic conditions, the causes of the recent disturbances, and all the grave evils of the hour. Part II. prescribes their remedies—emphasizing the necessity of financial sacrifices on the part of the Government—suggests protectionary measures for small landholders, changes in the system of taxation, provision for labourers in mines, and new facilities for the sulphur industries, with many other proposals and suggestions, which cannot fail to interest those concerned directly or sympathetically in the crisis through which Italy is now passing.

La Russia Contemporanea is the work of a young diplomat who has made an exhaustive study of the Russian language, manners, and, above all, to quote the author's own expression, of the ideal currents which agitate the Russian people rather than the materialities of daily life. The chapters on Slavophilism, Panslavism, Tzarism, Orthodoxy, and Nihilism are readable, and calculated to supply a want in Italian literature, which has not until lately concerned itself seriously with things Russian, despite the popularity of Russian fiction in Italy. But the chief interest of the book awakens in chapter vii. ("Un po di psicologia del popolo Russo"), and is steadily maintained in the following pages on Tolstoi, on the late but splendid development of Russian art—especially in architecture, music, and literature—and in the concluding speculations, the mission and future of the "heritage of Peter the Great."

Want of space will prevent our giving other than cursory notice in this article to Signor Persichetti's valuable contribution to archaeological lore, *Viaggio Archeologico sulla Via Salaria*. Some of the contents of this handsome volume have been already made public by the communications based thereon of the Minister of Public Instruction to the Academy of the Lincei. But many of its contents, and all its illustrations, now appear for the first time. We hope to review this work more adequately at some future time.

MR. GIBBS'S BIMETALLIC PRIMER.

A Bimetallic Primer. By Herbert C. Gibbs. London: Effingham Wilson & Co.

STUDENTS of the deeper problems in politics, the questions which involve knowledge rather than partisanship, reflection instead of enthusiasm, will welcome this little work of Mr. Herbert C. Gibbs. In common with most of the recognized authorities in political economy, Mr. Gibbs would be pleased to witness a rehabilitation and an extension of the system which broke up on the dissolution of the Latin Union; but he does

not write primarily to advocate bimetallism. His desire is to expound the great subject in relation to which bimetallism is a proposition. He expounds it very well. His acquaintance with the history of the subject is extensive and intricate, and he has a gift of exposition which will almost persuade even the casual reader to discredit the saying that all writings on the subject of currency tend to craziness. Within its limited scope the *Primer* is lucid and sufficient. Having sketched the history and the bearings of the question at large, it seeks to show, first, that under a bimetallic system the standard of value would be less unstable than it is at present, that the relative values of the silver and the gold standards would be approximately stable, which would mean approximate stability in prices and a less exasperating condition of the exchanges between gold-using countries and silver-using countries; and, secondly, that, as all economists, from Mr. Gladstone downwards or upwards, have affirmed, it is absolutely necessary, if trade is to revive and to remain prosperous, that a stable equilibrium must be devised somehow. There are other propositions towards the same end. There are some arguments against the theory of bimetallism upon which Mr. Gibbs does not touch. His exclusions, however, are not unwise. By limiting his subject-matter, Mr. Gibbs has enabled himself to be informative within a chosen domain. That is what every primer ought to be. If the whole subject were overtaken by a series of monographs as sensible in scheme and as competent in execution as Mr. Gibbs's essay, Parliament at least, if not the people, would be guided to some reasonably assured judgment as to whether anything can be done by legislation to mitigate the commercial adversities which ultimately constitute the most serious question in politics.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Histoire du Second Empire. Par Pierre de la Gorce. Tomes 1, 2. Paris: Plon.
L'armée à l'académie. Par C. de la Jonquière. Paris: Perrin.
La vie nationale—La politique. Par C. Benoist. Paris: Chailley.
La Kosake. Par Armand Silvestre. Paris: Charpentier.
Doris. Par Louis Gallet. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
Crèveœil. Par Maurice Lefèvre. Paris: Quantin.
Au pays des cigales. Par Georges Beaume. Paris: Plon.
Marcienne. Par Edouard Delpit. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

M. DE LA GORCE thinks that the time has come when the history of the Second Empire can be told with propriety and without fear or favour. We are not ourselves quite sure of it; and we think we could point out passages in his own book where he has been obliged to speak rather ungraciously of living persons, and where the necessity of speaking of them has evidently been felt by himself as a constraint. We acknowledge, however, with much pleasure, that there is no evidence in these volumes of partisanship one way or another, and that the author has evidently tried to be strictly fair. His history is of the kind which has found favour for the last half-century—that is to say, it attempts extreme minuteness; two volumes, and more than nine hundred large and closely printed pages, being occupied with the history of about eight years and a half, from (but not including) the *Coup d'état* to (but not including) the Italian war. It has good references, but is not drowned in notes, and the narrative is intelligent and intelligible.

Captain de la Jonquière has set himself the task of giving an account of all the Immortals who have been connected with the army, and he has collected a surprising number. It is true that some of these "gallant and learned members," as Parliamentary language might call them, are not much known as soldiers. Thus the first entry, Philippe Habert, the quasi-famous author of the *Temple de la Mort*, was only in the commissariat, and Mirabaud, whose name was wickedly attached to the *Système de la Nature*, though he actually served as a private at Steinikirch, never rose from the ranks, and left the army very soon. Many people may have forgotten that Lamartine was for a short time a Lifeguardsman, and some that Chateaubriand saw several years' service before the Revolution. But Georges de Scudéry, and Bussy-Rabutin, and the bevy of academic marshals in Louis XIV's days, with no less a person than Villars to lead them, and Saint-Lambert and Guibert, the adored of blue stockings, and Vigny, and not a few others, belong seriously and solidly to the army and the Academy both. The book is pleasantly done, without heaviness, and yet without the obvious and disagreeable air of catchpenny bookmaking which a similar task would too probably have put on in English hands.

From two different points of view a country which has "offered itself," as its own language would say, twelve Constitutions all complete and handsome in the space of eighty-four years, and has

pulled the last (that of 1875) about not a little, either wants a series of political handbooks very much, or ought to regard it as completely superfluous. The projectors of *La vie nationale*, which M. Benoist leads off with a treatise on Politics proper, seem to incline to the former view. The book is solidly bound (it will last out several Constitutions at the above rate), extremely well printed, and clearly and intelligently written. It indulges in some well-informed generalities, to begin with, but principally gives a lucid account of French political institutions as they stand—or stood—at the time of writing.

M. Armand Silvestre has all his literary life been an unexpected person; and, after the contrast of his "music and moonlight" Parnassian poetry with his extremely Rabelaisian prose tales, he might do pretty well anything. *La Kosake*, the first fruits of a journey to Russia, is, if anything, not quite so unexpected as one might have been entitled to expect, but it is sufficiently different. The local colour is given with a relish, but without any of that fulsome flattery of the new ally which has been so disgusting in not a little recent French work; and the handling neither deliberately presupposes the young person nor deliberately ignores her. The heroine, a wicked little gipsy of the Ukraine, is attractive, though slightly conventional, and reminiscent of the heroines that Mérimée loved. Her ill-treated lover, the Pope's son, Mikail, is a more original study of a peasant Des Grieux with less patience. The book is far out of the common; but does not show full aptitude for the style in its author as yet. M. Silvestre, however, is almost clever enough for anything, and he will probably improve here also.

The tales in *Doris* are fair, if not precisely good. They are exotic, as well as domestic, and in the former class they aim at a kind of *märchen* style which is not given to everybody to attain. And M. Gallet is too prone to those stock phrases which used to make Flaubert rage and roar.

Crèveœil is a more original book, not unworthy of the pretty get-up and illustrations with which the Ancienne Maison Quantin has endowed it. The first story, one turning on the local jealousies of the home of a certain famous breed of poultry towards its neighbours, is, perhaps, rather elaborately eccentric, but contains some very good things. The last, a Court legend of the Second Empire, is exceedingly good. Of the middle one, a sort of Voltairean legend, we do not think that M. Lefèvre has quite got "the hang." But his book is very clever and very agreeable to read.

Very good, again, are the stories which M. Georges Beaume, whose books show steadily increasing ability and craftsmanship, has collected as illustrating the *Pays des cigales*. As is usual with him, not a few have a decided tendency to put the irony above the joys of life. But he has not allowed this to become a craze; and he is as successful in rose-pink (for instance) "Cadet," as in sepia (e.g. "L'âme perdue").

We fall off again with *Marcienne*, which M. Edouard Delpit has begun in a vein of snap-snap pleasantries, and has ended in one of violent melodrama—faults which get the better of the good gifts in him.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE fifth volume of the series of historical text-books, "Periods of European History," edited by Mr. Arthur Hassell, is concerned with Europe in the seventeenth century—*Europe, 1598-1715*, by Henry Offley Wakeman, M.A. (Rivington, Percival, & Co.)—and represents a period sufficiently well defined to call for no elaborate exposition, as a period. Mr. Wakeman, indeed, indicates in brief terms "the importance of the century" in his opening chapter—"a century in which France takes the lead in European affairs, and enters on a course of embittered rivalry with Germany, in which England assumes a position of first importance in the affairs of Europe, in which the Emperor, ousted from all effective control over German politics, finds the true centre of his power on the Danube," and so forth. In events the seventeenth century is as important as any century of modern history, and to deal with the whole century as a period is no light matter. The historian must exercise a selective discretion if he would "take in all Europe with the provident eye of Marlborough," omitting nothing essential to the special kind of treatment prescribed. Mr. Wakeman has wisely determined to deal only with events that had permanent results, passing with slight reference, or rejecting altogether, events less fruitful in results. The aggrandizement of France is the central fact of the period which gives it the necessary unity, and it is skilfully employed by Mr. Wakeman in simplifying a somewhat complex historical period. Indeed, Mr. Wakeman shows much adroitness in avoiding that sectional treatment which is the bane

of condensed text-books. It is not possible within the space allotted to avoid altogether the cutting up of so vast and varied an historical period, as is shown by the chapters on the "Northern Nations" and on "South-Eastern Europe," wherein something of a retrospect is inevitable; but Mr. Wakeman's summary has an orderly sequence, and his narrative has clearness and coherence that must be accounted, in the circumstances, quite admirable. Some useful key-maps are given in the text, but it is rightly understood by the author that a good historical atlas is at the reader's hand.

The English edition and translation of Dr. Hermann Adler's monograph on oak-gall flies—*Alternating Generations of Oak Galls and Gall Flies* (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press)—by Mr. Charles R. Stratton, faithfully reproduces the original work, with its beautiful lithographic drawings, and is prefixed by an excellent introduction by the editor, who, with just admiration, treats of Dr. Adler's researches in the study of the *Cynipidae*, the alternating generations of most of the species, and his proofs of their "cyclical propagation." Varied and curious is the history of the study of alternative generations in living organisms. It is strange that the discovery of alternative generations should have been made by Chamisso, who is more widely known as poet and romancer than as biologist. Before Dr. Adler demonstrated cyclical propagation in some of the *Cynipidae* many curious explanations were offered, as Mr. Stratton observes, "in order to account for the lengthened interval that lapses between the death of one generation and the appearance of the next." In the present biological study Dr. Adler solves the mystery; tracing, stage by stage, the alternating generation and cyclical propagation of the oak-gall flies, and describing the galls they produce. The species dealt with are mostly commonly found in England. The so-called "Devonshire marble-gall" (the *Cynips Kollaris* of Hartig), which is said to be unknown north of the Elbe, is described in an appendix by the editor, who appends also an analytical table of galls, a short bibliography, and a classified list of the *Cynipidae*.

Thames Rights and Thames Wrongs (Constable & Co.) is an interesting little book on the present and the past of the Thames, and on recent and proposed legislative measures affecting the river. The author, Mr. C. H. Cook, is probably more widely known through his pseudonym, "John Bickerdyke," as an enthusiastic angler, and it is as "a devout lover of the Thames" rather than as a lawyer addressing lawyers that he has produced this book. Mr. Cook is severely critical in dealing with the work of the Thames Conservancy, the pretensions of riparian owners, and the enforcement of those pretensions by certain owners with respect to the rights of the public. As to the rights of the public in such matters as camping-out, landing from boats, bathing-places, and so forth, very few persons who make use of the river possess any definite knowledge. The law on the subject can only be defined precisely by lawyers who have made a special study of it. Everybody who has known the Thames for, say, the last five and twenty years, is well aware that the beauty of the river has rapidly deteriorated in that period. There is too much reason, we think, for making the Conservancy Board responsible to some extent for this result. "In the matter of disfiguring the river," writes Mr. Cook, "the Conservators are very great sinners indeed." He cites the erection of hideous iron weirs, like Marsh Weir, and the more insidious substitution, now becoming general, of horrible concrete embankments for the old natural banks with their wild vegetation of willows, flowers, and other beautiful growths. No doubt the steam-launches are responsible for the destruction of the river banks to a very great extent. But why are these destructive vessels allowed to run at a speed that ruins the banks? We knew, recently, an instance of an intending purchaser of a steam-launch rejecting the offer of one of these nuisances because it could not be run at a greater speed than eight miles an hour. Mr. Cook would limit the legalized rate to four miles an hour, and would prohibit navigation altogether after dark. The number, the size, the rate of speed, of steam-launches on the Thames, all need to be considerably reduced. The steam-launch question appears to us to be one of the most important of the many questions discussed by Mr. Cook, and it is one that grows in importance every year.

Of the four plays comprised in Sir Theodore Martin's *Madonna Pia, and other Dramas* (Blackwood & Sons), two are translations that have appeared before in other forms, and two are now first published, though one of them, "The Gladiator of Ravenna," which Sir Theodore Martin describes as "probably the finest piece of dramatic writing produced on the modern German stage," was printed for private circulation many years ago. "King René's Daughter," from the Danish of Henrik Hertz, appears in the present volume as a third edition, and the translation of *Wallenstein's*

Lager, a work strangely rejected by Coleridge in his fine yet incomplete rendering of the great dramatic trilogy of Schiller, was originally contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*. *Madonna Pia* is a powerful play, based on a story of great interest, with a striking and intensely tragical motif, a story that has attracted many poets since Dante's well-known reference to the fate of the unhappy heroine in the desolate Maremma. In the third act Sir Theodore adapts a one-act play by the Marquis de Belloy, produced at the Comédie Française, under the title *La Malaria*, in 1853. *Madonna Pia* was written, we are told, with a view to performance, and it certainly suggests an effective and impressive stage representation. Managers are less coy than they were with respect to tragedies in verse and what is known as the poetica drama. In the "fifties" they were exceedingly shy of such plays, especially when the plays were the work of poets.

Industry and enthusiasm of a remarkable kind are exemplified in the two volumes of biography, criticism, and translation *William Wordsworth: sein Leben, seine Werke, seine Zeitgenossen* (Halle a. S.: Max Niemeyer), by Maria Goethein, whose assimilation of Wordsworthian literature, old and recent, is scarcely more notable than her sympathy and insight in treating of the characteristics and influence of the English poet. "Wordsworth and his Times" were no inappropriate title for this conscientious and far-reaching study. As to the translations, they are representative of the various periods of the poet's growth. There are poems of the "Lyrical Ballads" epoch, many of the finest sonnets, and such stern tests of the translator's gifts as "Laodamia" and the stanzas of Sir George Beaumont's picture of Peel Castle. The renderings we have consulted show not infrequently much spirit and felicity of expression.

Two new volumes of the American series "Men of Achievement" are before us. Mr. Noah Brooks deals with *Statesmen* (Sampson Low & Co.) in a series of readable character sketches, the most interesting subjects of which have been celebrated in many biographies, tolerably familiar to most readers. The selection starts with Henry Clay and ends with President Cleveland. Hamilton and Jefferson are not included. The "achievements" of the statesmen represented are of very diverse importance and value, as is seen by the association of Lincoln and Messrs. William H. Seward and Salmon P. Chase. General A. W. Greely's *Explorers and Travellers* (Sampson Low & Co.) is a more attractive volume, and is well illustrated. Joliet, the explorer of the Mississippi, heads the list, and M. Du Chaillu and "Stanley Africanus" close it. General Greely's book is brightly written.

Tales and Sketches of Modern Greece, by Neil Wynn Williams (Nutt), is a little book that illustrates life in Greece. "A Tale of a Grecian Forest" is a striking story of a vendetta, and reads like a true relation, which possibly it is. Nor is there wanting in the other sketches a lively sense of actuality.

Mr. James Platt, Junior, offers something of a feast in *Black Magic* in his volume of *Tales of the Supernatural* (Simpkin & Co.), which, despite a somewhat affected style, comprises some really impressive episodes. "The Hand of Glory" is the most effective, and not the least grim, of these horrific inventions. There is more than one touch that is truly Hoffmannish in "The Evil Eye."

The new "Pseudonym" volume, *The Shen's Pigtail* (Fisher Unwin), comprises sketches and tales, or "cues," as the author, "Mr. M." facetiously has it, of Anglo-Chinese life—the life of Shanghai or Hong Kong chiefly. There is much brightness in the sketches of "Office Men," representative of the consular service, and the like, and not a little novelty in the other subjects of the writer's choice. The novelty of the material, too, is not unwelcome in the present glut of books illustrative of Anglo-Indian life. "Mr. M." has drawn one Chinaman, at least, who is not less diverting than the American "General," whose gift in "bluff" is portrayed with appreciative humour in the third sketch of the series. The Shen, who lost his pigtail in strange circumstances, is an amusing person, and his cleverness and resources in disguise and other expedients are set forth with a good deal of vivacity in the detective story with which the book opens.

It is hard to say how it advantages a story to call it "an impressionist study," except on the Mesopotamian theory of blessed words, as Mr. William Bullock-Barker styles *Lame Dogs* (Bliss, Sands, & Foster). "The Impressionist hates unnecessary detail"—so runs the motto on the title-page. But *Lame Dogs* appears to us to be altogether unnecessary, being exceedingly dull, and to call a dull story "an impressionist study" is no alleviation of its dulness.

The essays gathered under the title *Greetings in the Market Place*, by Mr. John F. Crump (Walsall: Robinson; London:

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Simpkin & Co.), are offered to the public as making no greater claims than to deal with such facts as lie on the surface of things, and are liable none the less to be lost sight of "in the hurry and pressure of business life." The book fully responds to the modest estimate of the writer as given in the preface. But, if Mr. Crump is content to treat of the obvious, his treatment is unpretentious in style, and free from any kind of assumption.

From Messrs. Bell & Sons we have two examples of a new series of "Modern Translations," which will include the chief works of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Hauff, Molière, Racine, and other foreign masters of prose and verse. The specimens before us are Goethe's *Egmont* and *Iphigenia in Tauris*, translated by Miss Anna Swanwick, of whose knowledge and skill as a renderer of German classics it were superfluous to write a word. These are well-printed shilling volumes, each with a brief memoir and introduction, and unaccompanied, we observe with satisfaction, by any notes.

Dr. Thomas Dutton's handbook, *Domestic Hygiene* (Kimpton), is a practical little book on the elements of household sanitation, on preventable diseases, the means of ensuring ventilation, warmth, sound construction and drainage in the house, and other departments of knowledge indispensable to domestic economy. Good sense and good advice, conveyed in clear terms, characterize Dr. Dutton's useful volume.

With the eighth Part of *Johnson's Gardener's Dictionary* (Bell & Sons) Messrs. C. H. Wright and D. Dewar's admirable revision of an admirable work is brought to an end. An appendix of omissions, and a full technical glossary, with list of authorities cited, are issued with this final portion of the Dictionary.

We have also received Professor John F. Dillon's Yale Lectures, 1891-92, *The Laws and Jurisprudence of England and America* (Macmillan & Co.); *Records of the Tercentenary Festival of Dublin University* (Dublin: Hodges; London: Longmans & Co.), a memorial volume completely descriptive of the celebration; *Ethics of Citizenship*, by John Maccunn, M.A. (Glasgow: Maclehose & Co.); *Practical Paper-Making*, by George Clapperton (Crosby Lockwood & Son), with illustrations, from micro-photographs, of the microscopic examination of paper and paper-making materials; *The Trial of Mary Broom*, by Mrs. Coghill (Hutchinson); *Sir Dunstan's Daughter*; and other Poems, by Alfred Smythe (Digby, Long, & Co.); *His Wife by Force*, by Nelle Ycul (Remington & Co.); *Barwon Ballads*, by "C." (Melbourne: Robertson); *George Heaps Frost*, by the Rev. G. Litting (S. P. C. K.); and *Sir Joseph's Heir*, by Claude Bray (Warne & Co.).

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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The Publisher of the SATURDAY REVIEW has been informed that on several occasions recently the paper has been inquiry for at Newsagents on Saturday morning, with the reply of "Sold out." He will be obliged if any one to whom this reply has been given will supply him with such details as will enable him to make proper arrangements in future.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any Newsagent in Town or Country on application to the Publisher.

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73 Lombard Street, London, E.C., May 4, 1894.

To the Directors of the Bishopsgate Distillery and Wine Company (Limited), 48 and 49 Bishopsgate Street, E.C.

Dear Sirs.—In accordance with instructions received from Mr. J. Gassiot Austin, of 92 Great Tower Street, we have examined the books relating to the Wine and Spirit Business carried on at 48 and 49 Bishopsgate Street Without, and other places, for the years ending December 31, 1892 and 1893.

For the purposes of our examination we have assumed the correctness of the books, and after making necessary adjustments, but without charging interest on capital, or making provision for bad debts and management, we find the net profits were:—

For 1892 £6,958 6 1

For 1893 £6,972 19 5

These profits are arrived at after charging the rent paid upon leasehold properties, and depreciation of the lease of the Rose and Crown, and of the plant and fixtures at the Distillery, Bishopsgate Street, but no charge is made by way of rent of the freehold property at Bishopsgate Street Without.

We are, dear Sirs, yours faithfully,

(Signed) C. F. KEMP, FORD, & CO.

Taking the last year's profit as a basis of calculation at £6,972 19 5

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..... 5,200 0 0

Leaving (subject to the provisions contained in Years.)

Kemp, Ford, & Co.'s certificate) a balance of £1,772 19 5

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